





Presented by
Brigadier-General Frank P. Lahm
to the
Aeronautical Archives





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Frank P. Lahm.

June, 1943.





THE SECOND ARMY AIR SERVICE BOOK,



A HISTORY OF THE SECOND ARMY AIR SERVICE

(Published at Headquarters, Air Service,
Second Army, at Toul, April, 1919.)

THE STAFF

| | |
|------------------------|---|
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This list comprises those responsible for the pages that follow. But to complete the record the editor must mention in particular a few of the men who have worked long and cheerfully to produce a true picture of the Air Service.

To Corporal Henry Mayers, more perhaps than to any individual, the thanks of the Air Service are due. The number and excellence of his cartoons and illustrations tell better than anything else of the worth of his endeavors.

To Lieut. W. J. Enright, especial appreciation is also due. Despite other duties which heavy demands upon his time, he furnished many valuable contributions to the book.

And last but not least, Lieutenant Colonel John F. Curry should be brought to light as the "father" of this book. His was the idea that brought the work into being, and his unflinching interest and support gave it momentum without which it might have crashed beyond hope of salvage during some of the spins into which it fell in the course of preparation.

THE EDITOR.

TO THOSE AT HOME

this book is dedicated—to Dad, the best old boy of all; to Mother, the most wonderful woman in the world, and to all the others back home who played the hardest game of all, the game of waiting.

In order that they may know more of our life in the A.E.F.—on duty and off duty—we have prepared this informal record of the Air Service. If it seems flip-pant or frivolous in most of its pages, we can only tell them that we of the Air Service refuse to take life too seriously, even though it has been rumored that there was a war hereabouts.



COLONEL F. P. LAHM, J. M. A.
ARMY AIR SERVICE COMMANDER
SECOND ARMY, AMERICAN E. F.

NO more fitting place than this souvenir of the Second Army Air Service could be found in which to express my appreciation of the cheerful and loyal services rendered by all officers and men who are now or who have been in the past, members of this command.

What success has come to the Second Army Air Service is due to the untiring, unselfish efforts of those identified with it. No hours have been too long, no task too great, no missions too difficult.

Whether it has been the administrative responsibilities of those charged with the essential but less glorious duties, whether it has been the efforts of the flyers to pierce thick mists which have led to the supreme sacrifice on more than one occasion, whether it has been the mechanics who have labored day and night to keep their ships in commission, each and everyone has given the best that was in him.

When every member plays the game with a view to helping the team win, the duties of the captain are comparatively easy. The Second Army Air Service has been made exclusively of men who have played team work.

F. P. LAHM,
Col., Air Service, U. S. A.
Army A. S. Commander, 2nd Army.



COLONEL JOHN F. CURRY, J. M. A.
CHIEF OF STAFF, 2ND ARMY AIR SERVICE



The Second Army Air Service

A Résumé

EVER since the flow of American troops started back in a westerly direction, people at home have demonstrated a tremendous curiosity about the exact nature of the job each member of this man's army did in the Big War. When Private Buck, the prop swinger, or Lieut. Goldbar, the famous ace, gets off the train at the old home depot, he runs into a barrage of questions that would make a Boche artillery general jealous.

Sooner or later even the Second Army Air Service is going home. And when it does, its members will have a varied story to tell the questioners who are waiting. Some of them are veterans who can talk of their many campaigns. Others can tell of a short but hectic period of fighting that terminated with the Armistice, and still others will relate the sad story of how the blankety-blank enemy insisted on slipping away to parts unknown just when they appeared on the scene.

Among the organizations that were gathered to make up the Second Army Air Service were some that had become veterans in the service of other Armies, and some that were coming to the front for the first time. Despite the difficulties of organizing and equipping them for action, they were setting a good pace when November 11th wrote "Finis" to the combat.

It has never been proved definitely that the Hun quit because of the rapidly growing strength of the Second Army Air Service, but the fact is that the Armistice came only a month after our first units reached the front, and before some of our squadrons had even crossed the lines.

The Boche's final bow left behind him on our particular sector a sadly disgruntled lot of fliers, many of whom had played the game for a year and a half to get their chance at the Hun and then found him slipping away too soon after their arrival on the scene of action.

The roster of the Second Army Air Service on the morning of November 11th shows a

considerable concentration of aerial forces, some of them operating actively against the enemy, some of them just getting under way. In all there were 19 aero squadrons in the command (three of them French) beside three park squadrons, five photo sections, four American balloon companies, and two French balloon companies. The complete roster on that date was as follows:

ARMY UNITS.

- 48th Construction Squadron, Saizerais.*
- 85th Aero Squadron (Observation), Gengoult Airdrome, Toul.*
- 278th Aero Squadron (Observation), Gengoult Airdrome, Toul.*
- 3rd Photographic Section, Gengoult Airdrome.*
- 13th Photographic Section, Toul.*

FOURTH PURSUIT GROUP (Major BIDDLE)

- 141st Aero Squadron, Gengoult Airdrome, Toul.*
- 25th Aero Squadron, Gengoult Airdrome, Toul.*
- 17th Aero Squadron, Gengoult Airdrome, Toul.*
- 148th Aero Squadron, Gengoult Airdrome, Toul.*
- 6th Air Park, Gengoult Airdrome, Toul.*

FIFTH PURSUIT GROUP (Capt. HILL)

- 138th Aero Squadron, Colombey-les-Belles.*
- 638th Aero Squadron, Colombey-les-Belles.*
- 41st Aero Squadron, Colombey-les-Belles.*

SECOND DAY BOMBARDMENT GROUP (Major REINBURG)

- 100th Aero Squadron, Ourches Airdrome.*
- 163rd Aero Squadron, Ourches Airdrome.*
- 9th Photographic Section, Ourches Airdrome.*

FOURTH CORPS AIR SERVICE AND OBSERVATION GROUP (Major ANDERSON)

- 258th Aero Squadron, Manonville.*
- 135th Aero Squadron, Gengoult Airdrome, Toul.*
- 168th Aero Squadron, Manonville.*



3rd Air Park (Flight "C"), Gengoult Airdrome.
4th Photographic Section, Gengoult Airdrome.

ARMY CORPS BALLOON GROUP (Captain PATTERSON)

Headquarters Company, Toul.
15th Balloon Company, St. Baussant.
16th Balloon Company, Maney.
69th Balloon Company, Nonsard.

SIXTH CORPS OBSERVATION GROUP (Major McNARNEY)

8th Aero Squadron, Saizerais Airdrome.
354th Aero Squadron, Saizerais Airdrome.
11th Photographic Section, Saizerais Airdrome.

SIXTH CORPS BALLOON GROUP (Major THORNE)

Headquarters Company, Saizerais.
10th Balloon Company, Jezainville.

SEVENTEENTH CORPS AIR SERVICE.

28th Escadrille, St. Mihiel (French).
47th Escadrille, St. Mihiel (French).
277th Escadrille, St. Mihiel (French).
20th Balloon Company (French), Maison Forestière de Deuxnouds.
52nd Balloon Company (French), Bois Vigneulles.

Soon after the Armistice, changes in this roster became frequent, the French escadrilles going back to their own Army, and some of the American squadrons being released from time to time to start their homeward trip. None of the Second Army squadrons were sent to the Army of Occupation, but it was understood that those left on the old front line were being held in reserve for service in Germany. At the same time new organizations were, from time to time, attached to the Second Army, the following additions being made soon after the Armistice.

223rd Park Squadron, Toul.
73rd Park Squadron, Ourches.
16th Photographic Section, Ourches.
13th Balloonn Company, Martigny.
14th Balloon Company, Tremblecourt.
44th Balloon Company, Pont-à-Mousson.
24th Balloon Company, Malaumont.
25th Balloon Company, Villers-le-Sec.
26th Balloon Company, Issoncourt.

The staff of officers on duty at A. A. S. C. headquarters on November 11th was as follows:

Colonel Frank P. Lahm, Army Air Service Commander; Lieut. Colonel John F. Curry, Chief of Staff; 2nd Lieut. E. C. Olds, Adjutant; 2nd Lieut. J. R. Cook, Asst. Adjutant; 1st Lieut. G. H. Bryan, Operations Officer; Captain E. A. Eckman, Equipment Officer; 1st Lieut. J. T. Hutchison, Transportation Officer; 1st Lieut. Henry Carter, C. O. Headquarters Detachment; Captain James Suydam, Photographic Officer; Captain C. C. Jones, Wing Command'r. Army Balloons; 1st Lieut. Ralph H. Mosher, Adjutant W.C.A.B.; Captain C. H. Burkhead, Radio Officer; 1st. Lieut. Poivilliers, Liaison Officer.

A summary of the Second Army operations





reports shows that our squadrons made a total of 1324 sorties, and secured results of a considerable nature. In general, it may be noted that most of the flights were made by observation planes. The observation squadrons carried on work of a varied nature. In addition to their ordinary duties, they dropped large quantities of bombs and also did some low "strafing" of the kind ordinarily done by chasse planes.

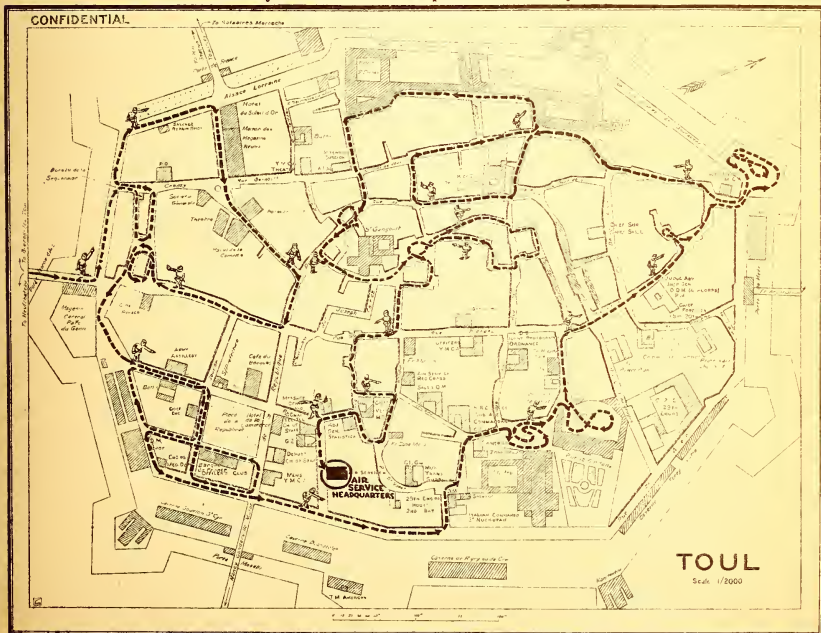
The Fourth Observation Group, with 498 sorties, was most often over the lines. The Sixth Corps Observation Group had 359 sorties, the Fourth Pursuit Group 241, and the Second Colonial Corps Group, consisting of French Escadrilles, had 142. The Fifth Pursuit Group, failing to receive its complement of planes and pilots, did not cross the lines before the Armistice.

Ten German planes shot down were officially confirmed, as was one balloon. All except two of these were downed by observation planes.

A large amount of propaganda was dropped on the Hun lines, and considerable bombing was also done, all of it by observation planes. The bombs coming from observation planes evidently puzzled the Hun, for after a few experiences, he developed the habit of seeking cover from all observation planes on the chance that they might be coming to bomb him.

The losses of the Second Army units were light. The Fourth Corps group, in twenty four combats, lost one man killed and five wounded, getting in exchange five enemy planes and one balloon. The Sixth Corps Group had two of its planes forced to land in German territory, but without casualties, and one of the two crews immediately escaped and returned to its own lines. For most of the Second Army units, peace time flying has proved more dangerous, fatalities from accidents since the Armistice exceeding losses in combat.

The way to Air Service Headquarters—"Ask any M. P."





"A.S., A.E.F." — Its Part in the War

Some Facts and Figures About the Air Service

and its Record in Action on the American Front.

WHAT did the Air Service do in the war? What were its actual achievements out on the front—not back in the S. O. S., or in the pages of the popular magazines—but out where the Fokkers and the Archies and the Pom-poms made life interesting.

We know that the dream fleets of the early days of the war, the "aerial armadas" that were going to blacken the sky with their thousands of planes, never materialized. In their place came the American Air Service of fact, the flesh-and-blood squadrons that met the Hun, and played their part in the battles of the American front.

For obvious reasons, the complete record of these squadrons could not be told until after hostilities ceased. But today the plain facts of the case are available. Reports of the Information Section of the Air Service reveal the exact status of every phase of American aerial activity in the war.

units began its work early in June. This gradual increase was continued until the beginning of Chateau-Thierry, the first major action of American arms, on June 28th, found seven pursuit squadrons, six observation squadrons, one bombing squadron, and three balloon companies in the field.

St. Mihiel, in September, found the available forces increased to 26 squadrons and 14 balloon companies, and from this time on until the signature of the Armistice the increase continued until November 11th found a total of 45 squadrons and 23 balloon companies assigned to Armies, of which number 39 squadrons and 17 balloon companies engaged the Hun. A number of squadrons reached the Zone of Advance late to participate in any major action, the Second Day Bombardment Group, the Fourth and Fifth Pursuit Groups, and various observation squadrons reaching the front in the last days of the war.



Squadrons on the Front.

The first criterion of the extent of Air Service participation in the fighting is the number of service squadrons actually placed on the line.

It was in February, 1918, that an American squadron first took the air against the Hun. This was the American 103rd or Lafayette pursuit squadron, which operated with the French.

Another American pursuit squadron followed it out in April, while the first observation squadrons began operations in March, and was also followed by another in April. In May three new pursuit squadrons went out, completing the formation of the first pursuit group, while two new observation squadrons also faced the Hun for the first time. The first of our day bombing



Pilots on the Front.

The personnel of the squadrons on the front, at the time of the armistice, included 744 pilots, 481 observers, and 23 aerial gunners. However, in the course of the seven months in which the Air Service operated against the enemy, a total of 1402 pilots and 769 observers had been assigned to the Zone of Advance.

A considerable number of these officers saw action with our allies. 315 pilots and observers were sent to French squadrons, 216 pilots to the R. A. F., and 65 pilots to Italian squadrons.

Of all the flying officers who reached the A. E. F., the greater part did not get into action.



In all, 4624 pilots and observers were members of the A. E. F., but the total of those who reached the American Zone of Advance or were assigned to Allied Armies was only 2171.

Fliers from U. S. Home Airdromes.

It is well known that by far the greater part of the thousands of pilots trained in the United States did not ever reach the A. E. F., but were forced to spend all of the war period at home waiting for a chance that never came.

The general impression among fliers is that these men did not reach France because the A. E. F. did not request their presence. At the flying fields back in the States pilots generally ascribed their long wait to the fact that the A. E. F., with its shortage of planes for the front, could not make use of them if they came to France. The facts of the case show this impression to be quite mistaken. The number of flying officers sent across the Atlantic fell far short of the number requested by the leaders of the Air Service in France. Special reports of the Information Section on the subject of "Request for flying personnel compared with arrivals" show that the A. E. F. received only 34% of what it asked for in this respect.

The following figures show the number of fliers in each branch that were requested from the Air Service at home up to October 1st, 1918, compared with the number that had actually arrived up to October 31st.

| | REQUESTED | ARRIVED in A. E. F. |
|-------------------------------|-----------|------------------------|
| Pursuit pilots | 1,350 | 506 |
| Observation pilots | 815 | 383 |
| Bombing pilots | 410 | 62 |
| Fighting Observers | 300 | 99 |
| Artillery Observers | 950 | 351 |
| Bombardiers | 510 | 76 |



Fliers trained in the A. E. F.

Practically none of the flying personnel from the U. S. came to France fully trained; all had

to be given final training in the A. E. F. schools. In addition to this number of partly trained fliers and observers from the score or more of schools in the States, there were completely trained in the A. E. F. by January 1st, 1919, 2349 pilots, 1208 airplane observers, 154 balloon observers, and 45 balloon manœuvring officers.



American-Built Planes on the Front.

The figures concerning planes used by the A. E. F. show two outstanding features: first, the delay in the delivery of airplanes from the United States, and second, the extent of the aid received from France.

Of a total of 6364 planes received by the A. E. F., 4874 planes, or nearly 77%, came from the French. The factories of the United States gave us 1213 planes—a fourth of the number supplied by France. 258 English planes and 19 Italian complete the list.

Only 667 planes of American manufacture were actually dispatched to the front, the French service planes predominating in every branch except day bombardment, which was done almost entirely with "Made in U. S. A." equipment. 1022 French Spads (mostly Type XIII), 524 Salmsons, 154 Breguets, and 185 Nieuports make up the bulk of the French contribution to the Zone of Advance with scattering numbers of other types.

The American planes received came in the last months of the war. On August 1st, the Zone of Advance had only 34 planes from the States. 144 more were received in August, 340 in September, and 109 in October and 40 from November 1st to 10th.

In the task of supplying motors, American sources make a better showing. 2083 of the Liberty motors were received in all, while the U. S. also sent us 36 LeRhones of American make. Motors received from other sources include 1446 French, 150 Italian, and 36 British.



Aerial Victories.

The official record of American planes on the front shows that for every plane lost, we got a little better than two Huns. 755 American victories were confirmed, in comparison with losses of 357, a superiority ratio of 2.1 to 1. The pursuit units of the First Army, which represent most of our "Hun getting" effort, improved on the general average, showing 439 confirmed victories, against 134 losses, or better than three Huns for each American lost.

To get these results, our squadrons put in 35,000 hours over the lines, during which time they also dropped some 255,000 pounds of explosives, and made 18,000 photographs of enemy positions.



Casualties.

In considering the casualties of the Air Service, the total number of American planes in action should be kept in mind. At its high point this number was 740, and over the entire period of American aerial activity it averaged not much over half of that number.

For the period from March 1st to November 11th, 1918, which covers all of our aerial activity on the front, the total casualties among the commissioned personnel in the Zone of Advance were 553. These were distributed as follows:

| | | | |
|-------------------------------|-----|---------------------|-----|
| March | 2 | August | 81 |
| April | 0 | September | 181 |
| May | 27 | October | 125 |
| June | 29 | November | 43 |
| July | 65 | | |
| Killed in combat | 171 | | |
| Missing | 73 | | |
| Wounded in combat | 129 | | |
| Prisoners | 135 | | |
| Killed in accidents | 42 | | |
| Interned | 3 | | |

The casualty record of American pilots flying with the R.A.F. shows 44% casualties over the five or six month period in which Yanks

were on the British front. Of 216 pilots, 23 were killed, 25 missing, 18 wounded, and 23 prisoners, a total of 95.

The number of casualties in training at the A. E. F. schools up to the time of the Armistice does not fall far short of the number of those killed on the front. In all 203 fatalities occurred in the training of flyers. Pursuit training accounted for the largest number, 76 being killed in this work. Observation training accounted for seventeen, day bombing fourteen, night bombing five, preliminary training 22, and miscellaneous advanced training 26. To this number must be added 41 fatalities among instructors, test and ferry pilots.

The number of hours flown at the A. E. F., training fields up to November 11th was 150,176. Compared with the fatalities in training this shows that one man fell for every 750 hours flown.



U. S. Balloons on the Front.

A portion of the Air Service program which is less frequently under the spot light is the balloon service. The balloons made up a considerable fraction of the American aerial effort, showing at the time of the Armistice a total of 23 companies at the front. These companies were supplied with 77 balloons, and were led by a total of 252 officers. The balloons used were practically all of American manufacture, the U. S. shipping 275 of the "sausages" to the A. E. F. Beside these, France supplied 20 more.

During the course of the fighting, 43 of our balloons were burned or destroyed in action. However, the efforts of Frank Luke and a few other Yank "sausage hunters" accounted for 71 Boche balloons officially confirmed, leaving a comfortable margin of superiority on the right side of the lines.





In comparison with the foregoing figures on the American aerial effort on the front, the figures showing the strength of the enemy, as well as of our Allies, are now available.

The disclosures made in these figures show several surprising facts on the size of the aerial forces of the various armies. The preponderance of French planes, the steady increase in the Allies numerical superiority, and the increase of the French forces during the final months of the war, are the outstanding features.

The figures which follow are compiled by the Information Section of the Air Service, and are based on reports from American, French, British, and Italian G. H. Q.'s and intelligence summaries of the various armies. They form a comparison of the strength of the Allies and the enemy according to the number of planes each had on the front on July 30th, 1918, and on November 11th, 1918.

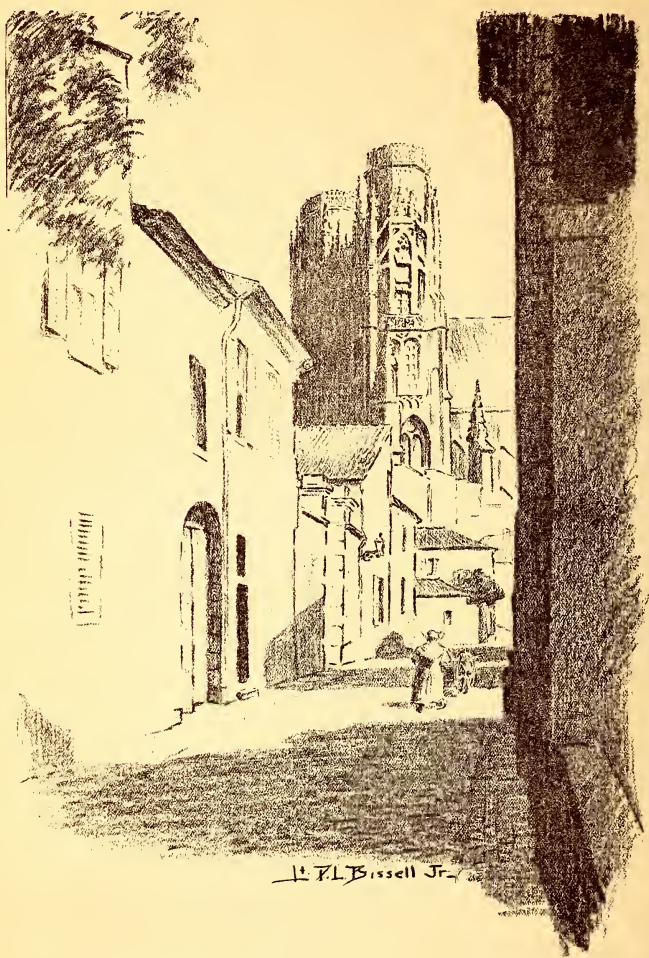
Comparative Strength of Allies and Enemy on the Front.

JULY 30th, 1918

| | PURSUIT | OBSERV. | DAY BOMB. | NIGHT BOMB. | TOTAL |
|------------------------|---------|---------|-----------|-------------|-------|
| French | 945 | 1,410 | 225 | 210 | 2,820 |
| British | 911 | 390 | 194 | 169 | 1,664 |
| Italian | 282 | 277 | 8 | 47 | 614 |
| American | 126 | 126 | 18 | — | 270 |
| Belgian | 45 | 105 | — | 10 | 160 |
| Allied TOTAL | 2,309 | 2,338 | 445 | 436 | 5,528 |
| German | 1,080 | 1,290 | — | 455 | 2,592 |
| Austrian | 450 | 200 | — | 67 | 717 |
| German TOTAL | 1,530 | 1,490 | — | 259 | 3,309 |

NOVEMBER 11th, 1918

| | | | | | |
|------------------------|-------|-------|-----|-----|-------|
| French | 1,344 | 1,505 | 225 | 247 | 3,321 |
| British | 759 | 503 | 306 | 190 | 1,758 |
| Italian | 336 | 360 | 36 | 80 | 812 |
| American | 330 | 293 | 117 | — | 740 |
| Belgian | 45 | 100 | — | 8 | 153 |
| Allied TOTAL | 2,814 | 2,761 | 684 | 525 | 6,784 |
| German | 1,020 | 1,442 | — | 268 | 2,730 |
| Austrian | 220 | 391 | — | 11 | 622 |
| German TOTAL | 1,240 | 1,833 | — | 279 | 3,352 |



The Cathedral
at Toul.



Toul

A way back in the year one, and even before that, Toul was going strong as a thriving ville. If you remember your *Omnis Gallia in tres partes divisa est*, you remember perhaps, *Tullum Leucorum*, which in those days meant Toul. As a city, Toul has the seniority on any other town in Lorraine and can boast of having had a full fledged Bishop as early as 300 A. D. in the person of St. Mansuy, an Irish monk.

In those dim days of the past, and through all the centuries that have passed since, Toul has spent most of its time in watching some war or other swirling about its ancient hills, or in marking time between wars. For this little city on the Moselle is so situated that it can hardly miss any war that moves about western Europe. Its hills form part of the natural rampart that marks the frontiers between "Mittel Europa" and France,

and have been strategically used by many an army before the French Army of today placed its forts on the ring of hilltops around the city. The Hun has held them as recently as 1870, when his armies swept this part of France much as they swept Belgium in 1914.

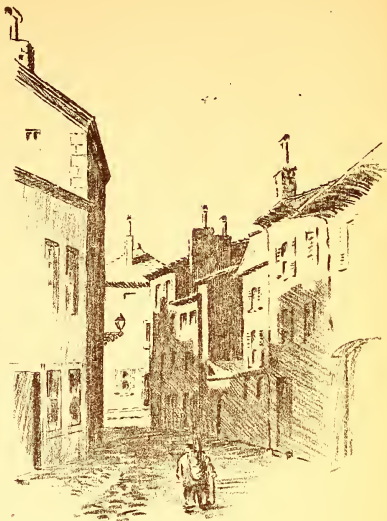
Memories of the Hun occupation are recalled by a historical tablet in one of Toul's innumerable cafes. Here the papers were signed which returned the city to the French after the Hun was ready to move out.

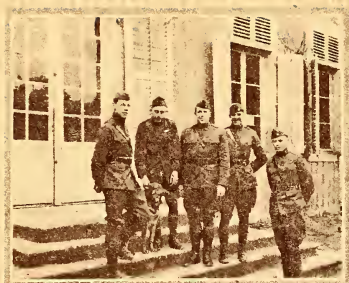
The latest invasion of Toul has been the most complete and overwhelming of its long history. A veritable tidal wave of American khaki, sweeping over the walls that guard the city, took possession of every nook and corner. In the ancient and crooked streets the Yank M P took charge, in the medieval houses the clatter of typewriters in a hundred headquarters drowned the clatter of wooden shoes on the cobblestones as Toul became the advanced capital of militant America.

Captured by the Americans, the town took on importance as the center of a new force on an ancient battleground. Here it was that the first U. S. efforts were launched, with the "Toul Sector" receiving division after division of new troops seeking experience in the lines. And after a while, when the Toul Sector blossomed out into real activity, and St. Mihiel moved onto the front page of the newspapers, it was Toul that sent forth the victorious Yanks.

Now the American invasion is nearing its end. The Second Army, the present occupants, will soon become just a memory, and Toul will be once more a French city.

However muddy, dark and crowded may have been her streets; however damp and musty her thick walled houses; however costly and hard to find her *bifsteck* and *frites*; many a grey headed ex-soldier sitting by the fire back home on the winter nights will hold vivid memories of the tight little city between the Moselle and the canal with the streets packed with Yanks and the road leading out past the big hill packed with troops and transport going into the first American sector, "Northwest of Toul".





"The Follies of 1919" — Toul Edition.



Headquarters—from the Inside

An Interview with "Wopsie".



WOPSIE is the world's champion Czecho-Slovak air hound. Famous throughout the Toul Sector for ability to look wise, make beancoup noise, and lose every scrap he gets into, he was naturally adopted as mascot of Air Service Headquarters. Wopsie was interviewed the other day by a reporter for this book, and showed that he had made good use of his strategic listening post under headquarters tables.

"Youse Army guys are all wrong," he said in perfect English. "You let these higher-ups around here bluff you into thinking that they are some punkins. They don't impress me much. I'd just as soon break in on a conference of generals and colonels as I would on a crap game in the Message Center. They're all alike—I've got the dope on 'em all."

"Well, if you've got any real inside stuff," suggested the reporter, "let's have it."

"All right," responded Wopsie. "What do you want to hear? The story of the time that Capt. Suydam sat in General Heintzelman's lap? Or the way that Colonel Curry set out to drop propaganda on Germany and spilled it all in No-Man's Land? Or the way Adj. Olds cops off the Cadillac every day and rides around trying to look as much like a colonel as possible? Or why Nicol, the World's Greatest Hospital Hound, moved his billet so close to the hospital?"

"Suppose you start on one of the higher-ups around here," suggested the reporter.

"Woof, woof" responded Wopsie. "That's easy. I got a good one on Col. Curry one night while I was sitting under the table in his office. It's the true story of the way he shot down that Boche balloon. Or if you like, I'll go a bit higher up, and tell you one about the Colonel himself.

"Shoot," said the interviewer, "let's have it." And Wopsie began:

"You see it was this way. One night just about midnight I was awakened by footsteps here in the office. I jumped up—"

But just at this critical moment in the story there was a sudden interruption. Around the corner came "Nigger", a large, husky purp who is Wopsie's only rival at Headquarters. And as "Nigger" was evidently in scrappy mood, Wopsie set out with a yelp for parts unknown with his interviewer in full pursuit. But the chase was unavailing, and so the story about the colonel was not divulged after all.





Headquarters Detachment

Second Army Air Service

Two army trucks, piled high with typewriters, cornwillie, dried spnds, barracks bags, a field range and other assorted junk! That was the setting for the first appearance of the Headquarters Detachment as a whole. On this setting twenty-one of us sat for a couple of rough hours, during which we meandered from Colombey-les-Belles to our new home in Toul, arriving just in time to be too late to cook our lunch. Then the dust and dirt began to fly. The building which was to become Headquarters for the 2nd Army Air Service was staggering under the accumulation of centuries and it fell to our lot to go after it with brooms and brushes, picks and shovels, and to follow up with a generous bath of whitewash.

This job finished, it became our task to put each section of Headquarters into efficient running order. We were doing well if we finished our work before midnight. In fact, few of us realized until after the signing of the Armistice that there were mademoiselles, etc., in Toul.

We have done some moving, too, during our stay in Toul. At first we spread our two blankets on soft spots about the floor in the attic at Headquarters but business increased so rapidly that we were forced out to make room for more desks and waste baskets. We landed in the lair of the M. P.s who greeted us with open arms and closed fists. It was mutual. Our next home was in a popular French stable-apartment where we had, as neighbors, some mademoiselle chauffeurs. In spite of that, we were glad to get into our present home where we are very comfortable. Thanks to the Red Cross we can rest—sometimes—in a room fitted out with furniture, books, magazines and writing materials. After pay day it is not unusual to see some of the boys gather around in this room and compare the beautiful French bank-notes which are seldom seen at other times.

After Wilhelm retired our work did not increase, and due to the gradual perfection of our system, we began to find a little time that we could call our own. We put on a few dances at the Comedy Theatre and now and then read a short story in one of last year's magazines.

And now—WE-WANNA-GO-HOME.

THE H.Q. ENLISTED MEN'S FIRST DANCE



GOSH, IT WAS CROWDED.



OH NO, I DARENT—
I'VE HAD THREE
GLASSES ALREADY.



"OUI, J'AIME
DANSER
BEAUCOUP



THERE
WAS BEAUCOUP
"JAZZ" IN BOTH
PLAYING AND SINGING.

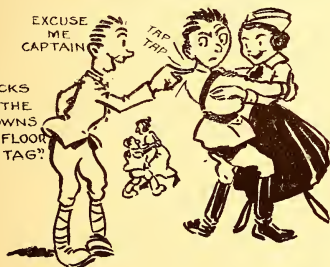


I'VE PROMISED THE
NEXT SEVENTEEN,
BUT YOU CAN
HAVE THE
EIGHTEENTH.

EXCUSE
ME
CAPTAIN

TAP
THAT

THE BUCKS
BUCKED THE
SAM BROWNS
OFF THE FLOOR
IN THE "TAG"



HOW DID ALL THOSE
GUYS RING IN ON
OUR RACKET?

SEARCH
ME.

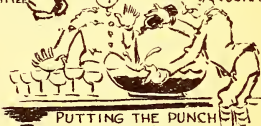
GOOD EATS
EH, ED?



THE
RECEPTION
COMMITTEE

MERCIFUL
HEAVENS!

UH-HUH—
COGNAC.



PUTTING THE PUNCH
IN THE PUNCH.

OOH HERE'S
THE SWELL
NURSE I HAD
FIVE DANCES
WITH LAST
NIGHT.

HOW DYE
DO?

AN
ENLISTED
MAN!



I DASSNT
SPEAK TO
HIM.



THE NEXT DAY — "ORDERS IS ORDERS."



"SOME DAY, LITTLE DAUGHTER"

In nineteen hundred and ighty ight
With a flowing beard of snowy whight
I'm coming home

MY DEAR

I'm coming home.
With olive drab all faded green
And patched with blue or ultramureen
I'm coming home

MY DEAR

I'm coming home.
*Oh, a rickety, rickety reck I'll be
And Rip Van Wink'll have nothing on me!*

Gray moss will cover the top of my head
My nose will be a vin rouge read
I'm coming home

MY DEAR

I'm coming home.
With a wrinkled neck of leathery hue,
Rheumatic joints and toothless tue,
I'm coming home

MY DEAR

I'm coming home.
Held together with strings and tacks
Le page's glue and sealing wacks
I'm coming home

MY DEAR

I'm coming home.
*Oh, a rickety, rickety reck I'll be
And Rip Van Wink'll have nothing on me!*

No ships will then be on the sea
But a big balloon will do for mea
I'm coming home

MY DEAR

I'm coming home.
I'll stock it well with bread and cheese
With wine and snails and bull frogs kneese
I'm coming home

MY DEAR

I'm coming home.
I'll wait for a day when the wind is fair
And in four jiffies I'll be thair
I'm coming home

MY DEAR

I'm coming home.
*Oh, a rickety, rickety reck I'll be
And Rip Van Wink'll have nothing on me!*

And as I pass in from the sea
I'll tickle the chin of Miss Libertia
I'm coming home

MY DEAR

I'm coming home.
I'm going to land in Washington Square
So *don't you fail* to meet me thare
I'm coming home

MY DEAR


I'm coming home.
*Oh, a rickety, rickety reck I'll be
And Rip Van Wink'll have nothing on me!*



IN MEMORIAM

They've gone—many of
them out where the Hun
filled the air with his tracer
—many on the training
fields of France, of England,
and back in the States.

Wherever they fell, say
for them that they played
the Game.







The Fourth Pursuit Group

Spicy Extracts from its Unofficial History

As late as October 26, 1918, an American ace, no other than Capt. Chas. J. Biddle, and his sergeant-major drove up to Gengoult Field (located a few kilometers north of the M.P.'s guarding the gates of the walled city Toul) took command of the Post and notified the 141st and 25th Pursuit Squadrons that the Fourth Pursuit Group Headquarters were on the job. The mentioned outfits were already at home in their nifty concrete barracks which, as rumor—true this time—was noising around, had housed the famous La Fayette Esquadille.

The Commanding Officer had hardly gotten through congratulating his old pal, Capt. "Hobey Baker" for bringing down the Group's first Fokker on October 28 when he himself was congratulated on becoming a major in recognition of his position as C.O. of the Fourth Pursuit Group.

Hallowe'en night the 6th Air Park blew in and at once assumed its duties in addition to transporting the officers on "business trips" around the Second Army area, supplying the Group with a part of the articles they requisitioned, turning out cabinet work from supply boxes, rigging up a machine-engine-blacksmith shop for the production of souvenirs (on the side), and heating bath water in the air-cooled refrigerator spoken of as the Group Bath House.

The stove and furniture problem was solved by trips to the villages recently abandoned by the retreating Huns who tried to shell the Packards as they were making away with the loot. There were no casualties but there should have been, according to the yarns that were spun.

In less than a week the Group was fully organized, the 17th and 148th Pursuit Squadrons having arrived from the British Front with a "Bloke" vocabulary and a record of Hun planes to their credit that would have made the most boastful Yank confine himself to the truth in advertising American arms. They were assigned Spads and while they cussed these and praised the Sop Camels the 25th Squadron was awaiting pilots for their S. E. Fives and the 141st Squadron was patrolling the fifty-kilometer sector, Vigneulles to Custines, alone.

On November 5, 1918, the Group's patrol encountered a lone Halberstadt returning from a propaganda mission. All five of them attacked and the poor enemy plane endeavored to escape in the unequal battle by turning over on its back and dropping a thousand meters when it straightened out and headed for its own lines. But Lt. Richard D. Shelby had dived and was





Ain't War Hell?

out the orders to render all possible aid in the advance and be especially watchful for ground movements of the enemy. As luck would have it a ground haze prevented much activity and the pilots of the Group had to be content with a forced landing and the excitement of possibilities if the skies should clear.

The morning of November 11 patrols were ordered to keep behind their own lines and not to seek combat with the enemy.

Then came the end. After that the souvenir business and seeing the front on wood details diverted our attention from the overworked topic of a speedy homecoming.

The Commanding Officer was the first to pull his strings and get his "overseas orders". Shortly afterward the 17th and 148th Squadrons gave us the hee-haw as they started out homeward bound. We did the same to them whenever we passed them building roads at Colombey for the next six weeks but they got the last laugh finally (*).

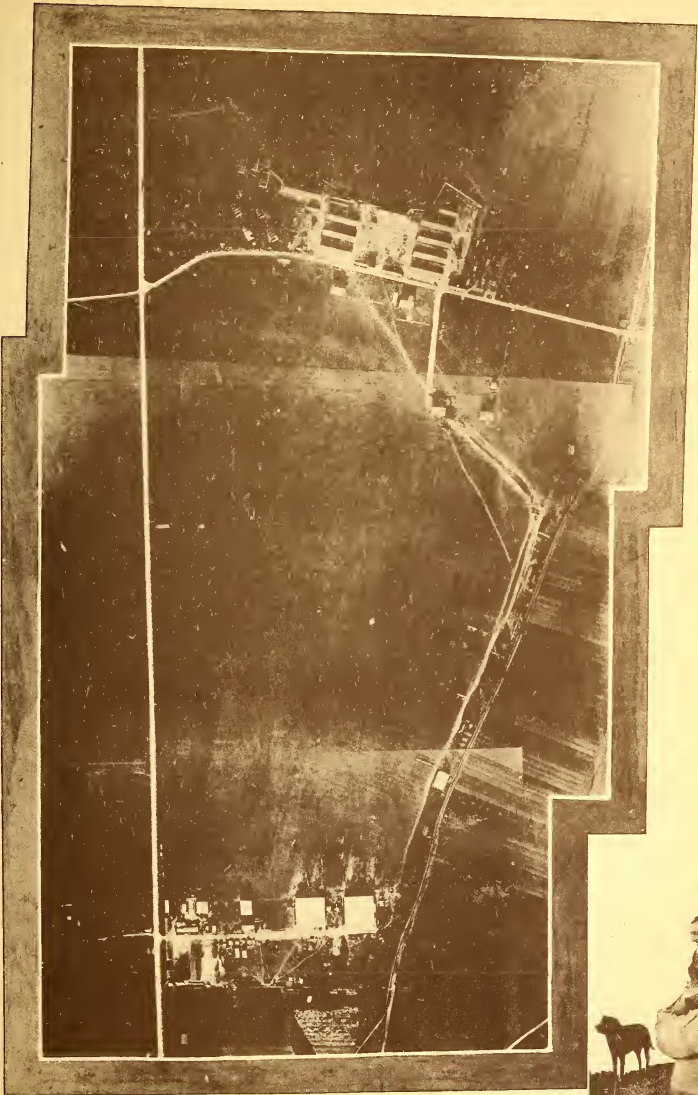
Major M. F. Davis succeeded Major Biddle in command of the Group and continued the liberal policy of his predecessor in making life as pleasant as possible for us "homeseekers". All we wanted was passes to Nancy.

There was a period of sadness in the camp when Capt. H. A. H. Baker was killed.

All imaginable rumors have been exhausted and the guys overhearing confidential reports have long since been discredited. Still, we *won't* believe that the Army of Occupation is to get us. We believe that we're going home before hell freezes over.

(*) On March 1st the laugh switched again, when a communique came in saying that they were still doing fatigue at St. Maixent.





Toul Aerodrome from Straight Up.





The Battle of Toul



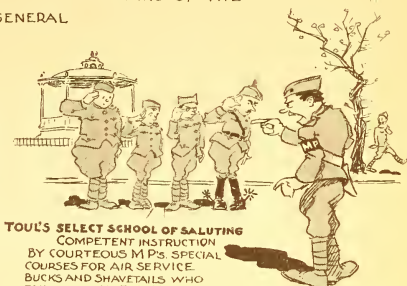
WHERE'S YA PASS ?

A PAGE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO THE M.P.'S AS A TOKEN OF THE ESTEEM IN WHICH THEY ARE HELD BY ALL MEMBERS OF THE A.E.F. BELOW RANK OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL

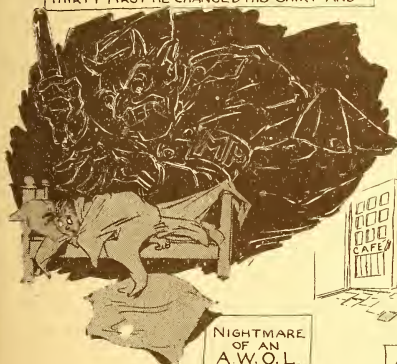


DEFENSE
D'AFFICHER

FOR THIRTY DAYS NO M.P. ASKED TO SEE THE PASS HE HAD IN HIS SHIRT POCKET. THE THIRTY-FIRST HE CHANGED HIS SHIRT-AND--



TOUL'S SELECT SCHOOL OF SALUTING
COMPETENT INSTRUCTION
BY COURTEOUS M.P.'S SPECIAL
COURSES FOR AIR SERVICE
BUCKS AND SHAVETALS WHO
FAIL TO SALUTE NEAR SIGHTED
COLONELS AT 30 $\frac{1}{2}$ PACES.



NIGHTMARE
OF AN
A.W.O.L.



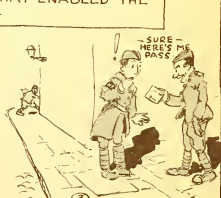
AN INSPIRING EXAMPLE OF THE CONSCIENTIOUS PERFORMANCE OF DUTY THAT ENABLED THE A.E.F. TO WIN THE WAR.



①



②



③

A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH, BUT IT TAKES A WISE M.P.* TO KNOW IT.

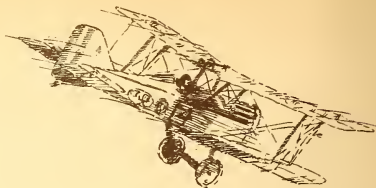
* AIN'T NO BUSH ANIMAL.





25th Aero Squadron

Listen, my son, and I'll tell
you what your father did in
the Great War



THE history of the Twenty-fifth Aero Squadron, as far as active service goes, ended before it began. That is to say, while "Taxying out" to "Take off" the Huns shot the pink Very's light indicating "Finis la guerre", Nov. 11.

The squadron was first formed at Kelly Field, back in the balmy days of June 1917, when American "Battle Planes" were soon to be blackening the German sky. With a different C. O. every few days they swung props and turned monkey wrenches till January 9, 1918, when they came overseas. Arriving in England they were placed under command of Lieut. Morse B. Kent and attached to the Royal Flying Corps for instruction.

The first station was at Ayr, Scotland, at the famous old R. F. C. School of Aerial Fighting. While among the fine Scotch folk, fourteen of the men found time to induce a lassie to change her name. If you don't believe with Bobbie Burns, "Auld Ayr wham n'er a toon surpasses for honest men an' bonnie lasses" don't tell it to a man in the Twenty fifth.

On April twenty-third, with half the town at the train to see them off, the squadron moved to Marske, England where they took over flights in the new Royal Air Force school of Gunnery and Fighting.

By August 18th, being, according to the R. A. F., a highly trained and exceptionally good bunch of mechanics, they were withdrawn from the R. A. F. and taken back to the American Army. Arrived in France, being highly trained technical men, keen and eager, they were put unloading steel rails and doing various other fatigues about the S. O. S.

Meanwhile, up on the British front, a number of American "Lootenants", who for the most part had been the old original "permanent" cadets trained by the R. F. C., had been attached to British Squadrons and had been sitting out over the Hun lines, giving a bit of practice to the German "Archie" as well as now and then putting the proper amount of tracer into the proper spot of the Hun. Meanwhile also, the idea had begun to percolate into some place in the American Air Service that perhaps there might be some pursuit plane almost as good as the famous Spad. Also there might be a reason for the Huns keeping so well behind their lines above the

25th Aero Squadron—Personnel





British front while elsewhere—well, there might be something to the machines and the system used by the Royal Air Force.

Accordingly some S. E. 5's, one of the best British single seaters, were purchased (no, stranger, the letters mean Scout Experimental No. 5 and not the direction of the wind). The "Lootenants" were withdrawn from the British Squadrons and after a sufficient amount of waiting, being taught to fly at Issoudun,

learning that the American nonflying officer was about six times more important than seven British Generals, learning that a pilot in the American Army was just one rank under a K. P., after all these things they finally started ferrying their machines across from England to form the 25th Aero Squadron.

Thus was the Genesis of the twenty-fifth. The early days of November found the Squadron at Toul with Reed G. Landis, D. F. C., with the dizzy rank of Captain, in command. "Freddy" Luff, D. F. C., "Don" Poler and "Curly" Lauer, still "Lootenants" as flight commanders, while the rest of the pilots were struggling thru the fog trying to get enough S. E. 5's across from England to begin work. (What does the D. F. C. stand for? Well listen stranger. In the Royal Air Force after a pilot has successfully bombed about a hundred places about a hundred miles behind the Hun Lines or done six or eight hundred hours artillery observation or contact patrol or shot a dozen or so Huns and got credit for not less than six then he gets his first decoration, the Distinguished Flying Cross. So the next time you see a little ribbon of four horizontal bars, blue and white, under a pair of wings, don't ask if it is a new Mexican Service badge.)

Two patrols were actually done by the Squadron. One by the C. O. on the day the first S. E. arrived and the other the next day, Nov. 11, with one or two pilots and a couple of the old S. E. "merchants" from the 141st and the 17th. No Huns could, however, be located on either patrol.

Since the bell rang on Nov. 11th most of the old pilots including Capt. Landis have received the "Cross de Ocean."

Officers—25th Aero Squadron



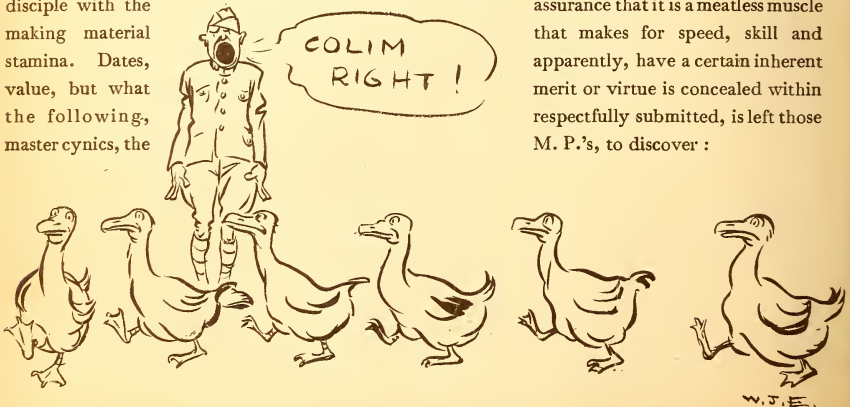


Aero Squadron 141

THE late General Sherman once expressed an opinion concerning war that met with neither refutation nor opposition for more than fifty years. In fact, during the last four years more than half the civilized population of the world and several Germans had come to accept the late General's observation as gospel, and the General himself as the original, great and only prophet of clear and penetrating vision. But the late General Sherman departed our midst before the 141st Aero Squadron was formed at Rockwell Field, San Diego, California, October 8th, 1917, and, therefore, unfortunately never had the opportunity of serving with the 141st. The 141st, too, was unfortunate—not reciprocally for failing to secure the services of the late General, but because more than a year elapsed from the date of the squadron's formation to the time it began operating at the Front, October 23rd, 1918. From its base at Toul the 141st spent 174 hours and 35 minutes patrolling over Jerry's lines in the St. Mihiel sector and "bumped" into the hereafter two of his machines with their crews; then the armistice was signed. Had General Sherman been a good fast K.P., or even a Pilot of the 141st Squadron, what would he have said about the dastardly trick of signing armistices? The 141st had just arrived upon the scene and had just begun to inscribe its name in the Kaiser's family bible when its potentially glorious career was abortively terminated by the armistice. Armistices are—! We leave it to you to go Sherman one better.

It were better to end this writing here and now than to compound this felony with elucidation of that part of our career spent not at the Front, but history is demanded of us, hence we prolong the agony. Anything replete with dates is history, we take it, and the dryer the better. A concoction of dates is called history and is crammed into the school-boy's cranium to exercise his brain and develop his memory. Another concoction, also of dates, is fed the physical torture disciple with the making material stamina. Dates, value, but what the following, master cynics, the

assurance that it is a meatless muscle that makes for speed, skill and apparently, have a certain inherent merit or virtue is concealed within respectfully submitted, is left those M. P.'s, to discover :





4



CAPT. KINDLEY



CAPT. BAKER



LT. CROSSIE



LT. MEYER



CAPT. ROBERTSON



LT. CADY



CAPT. STELBY



LT. HAY



LT. KERSCHNER



LT. FOSTER



LT. HUNT



LT. HOLLOWAY



LT. DAWSON



LT. PEDDYCOAT



LT. EMBURY



LT. TIPTON



LT. ELLIS



LT. AMES



LT. WRIGHT



LT. KENDALL



LT. TURNER



LT. PERICH



LT. RUSSELL



LT. BLORTON



LT. WRIGHT



LT. PUTNAM



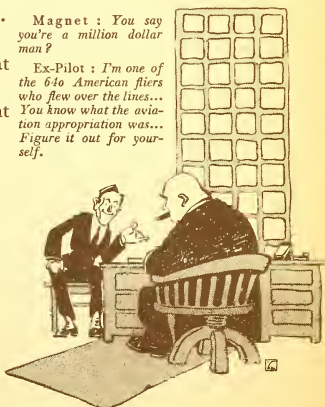
LT. TETTER

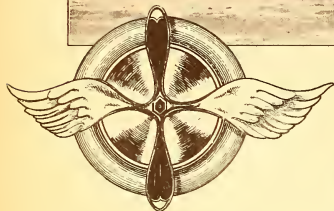
Officers of the 141st

Entrained, San Diego for New York, January 2nd, 1918.
 Embarked, New York for Southampton, January 15th, 1918.
 Arrived, Winchester, England, January 31st, 1918.
 Reclassified and divided into three Flights : A, B and C, at Winchester, England.
 A Flight went to Dower ; B Flight, to Hounslow, and C Flight to Northolt, England.
 On May 1st the 141st was reorganized at Dover, England.
 Then, 'till August 8th the 141st trained at Dover, England.
 And on August 16th the 141st went to Le Havre, France.
 While on August 20th it went to St. Maixent, France.
 From whence it went to Romorantin.
 Then to Colombey-les-Belles.
 Where it got its first machines.
 Then moved to Toul Field, October 19, 1918.
 Then went to war.
 And after the war.
 Went Home—.

Magnet : You say you're a million dollar man ?

Ex-Pilot : I'm one of the 640 American fliers who flew over the lines... You know what the aviation appropriation was... Figure it out for yourself.





6th Air Park

THE month of cold December is a time we'll all remember for in that month the government did say to every husky fellow, who had no streak of yellow, "Get in quick or be drafted right away." We all needed our vacations, so we left our occupations, and little cared how much the others laughed. We knew what we'd been told and as it was very cold we were anxious to get in "out of the draft". We were sent to Waco, Texas and we thought that wouldn't vex us for in Texas there would be a burning sun, but soon after we arrived each one thought if he survived that winter that the war would surely be won. Each morning when we rose we found our blankets froze and sticking to an eye or to a mouth and as we scrambled out of bed, that of all that Sherman said, for that war too had happened in the South.

So January twenty-four found none so very sore, as we wandered out the bulletins to view and our emancipation was the cause of our elation for we were all in Squadron eight-two-two. On March third, so clean and pretty, we arrived at Garden City and we certainly were thankful for the change, but they changed our humor quick when they gave us each a pick and we handled them as if they had the mange. It was useless here to grovel for that day with our shovel and every day as long as we did stay, we bent our new-born whiskers, caring little for the blisters and gaily dug up half of U. S. A.

Now just on April first, things had reached their very worst, but the darkest hour is just before the day, for before that day was over we all thought we were in clover and when night came we were sailing on the bay. The ocean was sublime and some thought that it was fine, while others did not have so much to say, their minds were filled with wishes as they fed the little fishes, they would sooner be torpedoed any day. But soon their sea-legs came and they thought it all a game and the English crew surely had to stand the chaff, they certainly were worried and away from us they hurried, when their "bloody" language made the Yankees laugh.

On April eleven we saw what looked like heaven, for the shores of England loomed up on the bow. Through its fair domain we travelled, at its beauty we all marvelled, California's sons at last were silent now.

Our joy soon died of fright for even ere the night, we saw Romsey's Rest Camp and our journeys close. Should we remain here long, we'd forget the use of song and speech and even living, we suppose. We "served" our nine days stay and again were on our way, this time the town of Yates our destination. We landed there all right; we were getting near the fight, but the fight was with ourselves and aggravation. For here the British workers were made to look like





shirkers and they couldn't keep up with our Yankee speed. They pleaded "Take it easy" till their throats were dry and wheezy and tho' we smiled it made us mad indeed.

Then on July the second, General Pershing said he reckoned he had better have our outfit on the line. From our English girls we parted and that same day we started on our final weary journey to the Rhine. To the coast and o'er the Channel, where our shirts of O.D. flannel were all stained with various and sundry things. The sea was rough and choppy and our legs were somewhat "floppy". Next time we'll cross the Channel under wings.

When on French soil we landed, our sense of humor stranded and all the men were thinking of their homes, there, right before our eyes, and much to our surprise were cars marked "8 Chevaux and 40 Hommes". But right inside we scrambled and over France we rambled to the place called A. S. P. C. number two. Romorantin was the place that we did daily grace, consuming much corned willie, beans, and stew. Our bunch had kept together but we all now wondered whether we would go up in the line or there would stay, for 822 was finished, tho' our zeal was undiminished and the title "Park" had surely come to stay. Soon came the reconstruction and our numbers saw reduction and a number of our pals were transferred out. Other men could fill their places, from their caps down to their laces, but our hearts all wondered what it was about.

In September on the second, Colombey-les-Belles beckoned and noon saw us gaily on our way. For three days we rolled along—we had quite run out of song—and at last old Colombey hove into view. We crawled out of the train, in a great downpour of rain, and sneaked into our pup-tents built for two. We had no chance to bridle for they didn't leave us idle but filled our hearts with sorrow, grief and pain; in the shops all day we'd slave, with nary chance to shave and spend our evenings sleeping in the rain.

After one week our commander, like the first great Alexander, went up to find out just what he could do to get us in a shack and smiling he came back and said, "The shack's there, boys, for all of you". But there was beaucoup kicking for the Kaiser needed licking and we couldn't see we were of any good.

Came Hallow'een and dark and the whole goldurn 6th Park were just aching to have some kind of a fuss but we got an awful fright for early in the night Huns came and dropped G. I. cans over us. We hadn't time to talk—he was a foolish man who'd walk—so to the trenches every man-jack ran. We fell in with a grunt for rocks both sharp and blunt don't cause you to go in the Red Cross Van. That night to Toul we went and not on pleasure bent for we went to be "Park" for the Fourth Pursuit; they changed our name again and our mothers wondered when we would stop this "foolish trying to be cute". In November fighting ceased then our Sunday pants we creased and started in to visit all thru France. Our enjoyment wasn't much for their language was as Dutch and the girls we found did not know how to dance. Now we're waiting to go home and never more we'll roam and forever in our own backyard we'll stay but if there's another fight we'll be fighting for the right and standing by the U. S. A.



Personnel of the 6th.





2nd Day Bombardment Group

THE Second Day Bombardment Group is the only missile-throwing outfit of the Second Army. It came into being November 5th, 1918, under command of Major George A. Reinburg, and "toot sweet" set up shop on hill No. 291 near Ourches-sur-Meuse. As originally formed, it was composed of the 100th and the 163rd Aero Squadrons, both of which were flying units equipped with de Havilland planes, Bessonneaux hangars to house them, American fighting gasoline to make the Liberty motors "mote", Liberty oil to lubricate the motors and to start the morning fires in the barracks stove, and American mechanics, trained on English machines, to do the manicuring of the ships. The happy family was later increased by the addition of the 73rd Park Squadron, which operated the three-ton limousines and Ford dog-chasers and furnished innumerable thrills to those who were reckless enough to ride with the "dare-devil side-car racing-drivers."

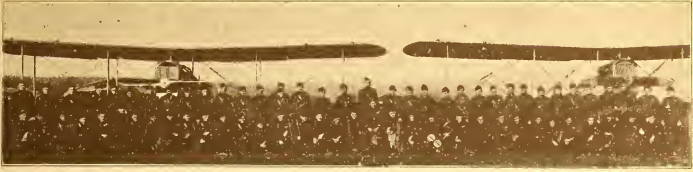
During the last days of the war, the Group was ready to operate, but old King Jupe Pluvius, or whoever it is that has charge of clouds and fogs, was pro-Boche and kept the sky overcast, so that formation-flying was out of the question. The 163rd Squadron, however, sent two reconnoitering patrols to the lines to warn Fritz of what was coming, and incidentally, they gathered up some valuable information.

When peace broke out, the Group began to amuse itself with various activities, ranging

Staff Officers of the Group



from rolling the bones to real honest-to-gosh football games with 500 franc side-bets among the yowling spectators. The 100th Squadron absorbed the pay-roll of the 163rd, and they in turn emptied the coffers of the 73rd. It was "pere." Reinburg who suggested and saw to the construction of a hangar, to be used as a combination theater and gymnasium. Everything from fistic encounters to musical comedies took place in the "Ourches Hippodrome," as it was called, and these diversions to did more make waiting endurable than any other one thing.



Officers of the 2nd Day Bombers

In the mean time, the different departments were making themselves ever more efficient. The Group Operations Sanctum became an indescribable scene of action. Maps of every sector, every section of every sector, every plot of every section, and even the length of the timber in the woods was ascertained and recorded in purple ink on the border of each map. Every German aerodrome was registered on at least one of the thousand odd maps, and the information as to which enemy organization occupied said "drome" at any given season of the year, was to be found in indexed form. Even the habits of the winds, and their playmates the clouds, could be learned from this omniscient source.

The Ninth and Sixteenth Photographic Sections procured pictures of much of the territory along the American Sector, compiling information so complete as to elucidate, with clairvoyant superiority, the number of hangars on any of the nearby fields, the number of shingles on each barracks of those fields, and the number of eggs in each birdnest in the surrounding woods.

The Medical Department, with an unlimited supply of large and small C. C. and O. D. pills and gallons of iodine, maintained an enviable health record. At the behest of the M. O. a bath house with hot showers was installed, where those who had the courage to buck the traditions of the country could rid themselves of many of the discomforts incident to life in France.

The Group to-day is a happy and contented lot. However, one hope is in the back of every man's head, which has developed in some a rare sense of rumor. Fifteen minutes notice will be sufficient for the slowest K. P. to doff his blue jeans, don his best issue uniform, roll his pack and catch the train for that long dreamed of Port of Embarkation.



Some Bolshevicks Brought
Down at Ourehes

Before Dinner



After Dinner



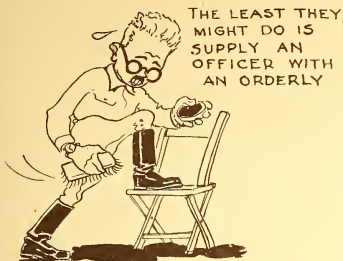


Ourches—from the air and from the ground



A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A KIWI

7:30 A.M.



9:00 A.M.

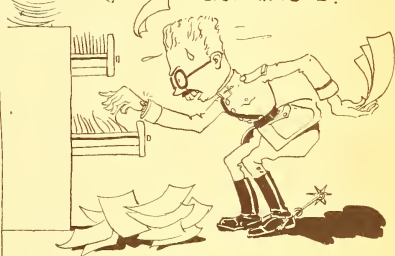


11:30 A.M.-WAITING
SINCE 10 O'CLOCK TO
SEE THE CHIEF



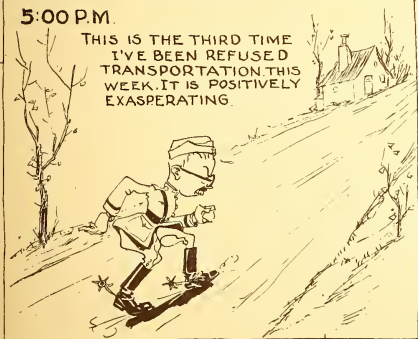
2:30 P.M.

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE
WHERE IS THAT
S.O.#4378-B?



5:00 P.M.

THIS IS THE THIRD TIME
I'VE BEEN REFUSED
TRANSPORTATION THIS
WEEK. IT IS POSITIVELY
EXASPERATING.



8:00 P.M.

DEAR RUTH:-
THE AIR SERVICE IS
EXCEEDINGLY STRENUOUS,
I'VE BEEN UP IN THE AIR
ALL DAY-





100th Aero Squadron

Born : August 20th, 1917 at Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas.

Died : (almost) February 5th, 1918 off the coast of Ireland.

THUS might have been chronicled the history of the 100th Aero Squadron. But it wasn't. While the thermometer had a fever of 104, and the sands of Texas were multiplying corn-cure customers, the Squadron happened. Even with conditions so favorable for rapid incubation, the 100th was nurtured with difficulty, for it was without a commander for an entire month. However, the new members, who were then unaware of the meaning of AWOL were kept within the boundaries of the state of Texas, and out of the hospital for AWOLs at Leavenworth.

On September 20th, 1917, the Squadron was introduced to Lieutenant R. E. Brady who explained to its members that he had been elected to father them and sign their passes. It was then that an organization began to appear out of chaos. The trip to Mineola, Long Island, was made about the middle of October, and it was there that the men discovered they were destined to work on airplanes. First, as a side line, the men who could be spared from fatigue details were trained on Curtiss machines and soon became so proficient at finding missing spark plugs that they were required to give all their spare time to it.

In the early morning of January 20th, 1918, under cover of a heavy fog, which ideally obscured their movements from the observation of enemy aircraft, the 100th moved to Garden City and on January 23rd went aboard the "Tuscania".

Probably no other Air Service unit has lived a more diversified life, nor has been plunged more thoroughly into the vicissitudes of war than the 100th. Its history includes everything from being torpedoed by an enemy submarine to being guests of English Royalty. The boys of the 100th were on the ill-fated "Tuscania" when she was sunk in the Irish Channel February 5th, 1918. It was not until that date that the Squadron got a real taste of war. Space does not permit a full recount here of the disaster in which sixteen members of the 100th lost their lives, and in which the survivors distinguished themselves as true Americans, worthy to represent their flag. The boys had been amusing themselves on the afternoon of February 5th with boxing contests on deck, and were making ready for supper when, at 5 : 54 P. M., the ship was shaken to its very keel by a resounding explosion. There was a quick alarm, and a scurrying about on the decks but never at any time was there the least intimation of disorder or panic. Every man proved himself to be a thorough soldier and prepared himself to meet the supreme test. Two hours later, a destroyer appeared in answer to the distress signals, and soon another. During the work of rescue, some one began singing the "Star Spangled Banner". It met with a resounding response, and shortly the whole ship echoed the national anthem.

Personnel of the 100th



A mound and wooden cross in Scotland mark the grave of the identified members of the Squadron, who paid with their lives. Memorial services were held at Winchester, England, February 10th, 1918, at which Ambassador Thomas Nelson Page and General Tasker H. Bliss were speakers. In their addresses, these men paid a high tribute to the men of the 100th Squadron.

At Winchester, a division into three detachments was made, one being sent to London Colney, one to Stamford, and one to Feltwell. At these places the boys learned the intricacies of Spads, Sopwith Camels, Sopwith Pups and Avros. When they were reassembled on May 5th at Feltwell, they had also learned to say "thra p'nce ha'penny", as easily as they had enunciated "two bits" five months previously.

But they were all bearing a dangerous grudge against the Kaiser, and were itching with impatience to get to France. After three more months of training as a pursuit squadron, the organization left on August 16th for "Sunny" France. Here, it was transformed into a Day Bombing Squadron, and soon had a permanent home established at Delouze (Meuse), France. It was at Delouze, with no airplanes, no pilots, and nothing to fight but mud, that the Squadron commenced its activities on the front.

November 1st saw the arrival of a veteran officer-pilot, Captain Belmont F. Beverly, to take command of the outfit, and prepare it for action. A number of pilots and observers were soon afterwards attached, and the organization of the Squadron into a fighting unit was moving with clockwork precision and lightning rapidity, when the enemy called for "time". Two days previous to Captain Beverly's arrival, the 100th "dug in", as a member of the 2nd Day Bombardment Group at Ourches, a community on the Meuse river consisting of fifteen houses, a church, and forty-five cow-stables. It was here that the 100th was waiting with thousands of pounds of choice bombs, a score of impatient pilots and observers, and 186 well-trained and ready-to-the-last men, anxious to bomb the Boche when the armistice was signed on the morning of November 11th, 1918.

Since then the squadron has been thriving on mud and rumors—darned poor nourishment. Each month the rumor comes out that it is to break up and start for the port of embarkation, as the French are to take over the field on the 15th of that particular month. These stories apparently originate with the merchants of Ourches, to stimulate the last-minute purchases of "Souvenirs de France".

Meanwhile the newly made C. O. of the squadron insists on staying away from all razors, and has grown a poilu facial decoration that is the envy of the French Army. Possibly this growth is considered so appropriate to the French landscape that headquarters refuses to tear him and his squadron away. At any rate, the squadron isn't moving very much.





163rd Aero Squadron

"What we done in the Great War"

DEAR Bill :

I aint wrote you since I been in the army because I heard you signed up with the fighting Quartermasters and I knowed you'd still be here for me to tell you the whole story at one time. Well Bill here's what happened to me since I told the man I could do it that day in December 1917 out at Keokuk.

I been all over the United States and Texas and a lot of England Scotland and France but Bill Keokuk is good enough for me. Well it was this way. I got a ticket to Kelly Field at San Antonio Texas and soon as I got there I could see something big was on the boards. They was collecting all the best men in the place and it didnt take long before they roped me in and they put the whole gang together and called it the 163rd Aero Squadron.

After we got our uniforms we didnt stay long. We moved up to Wilbur Wright Field at Fairfield Ohio and got there Xmas eve. Bill the north pole is a summer resort alongside of that place. We didnt have much fun there either because some gink got some disease and the doc put us all in quarantine for six weeks. We made up a band and some of the pugs worked out in the square circle and we all got to know each other better so it wasent so bad.

Next thing we knowed we was back east again and all stowed away on a swell boat called the Olympic. That was on February 25th 1918. Bill she was as big as all of Keokuk but boy she could do more stunts than an airplane and thats going some. Guess we must of all smoked to much because pretty soon we began to feel kind of sick and I sure was glad when we pulled into Liverpool on March 6th.

They put us in a "rest camp" at Romsey but Bill dont never let 'em fool you with that rest stuff. The only thing that got a rest was our stumachs and boy they needed it. We only rested a few days then they sent us to be a training squadron at Narborough. We worked with the Royal Air Force and them Englishmen thought they was the whole show and so did we but after a while we got better acquainted and everything was Jake. They dont speak our language so we learned theirs and some of the guys got along so well they married English girls but Bill I couldnt find none as good as the Keokuk girls and you can tell em so. Soon as we got so we knowed propeller wash was not soap and a tail skid didnt have nothing to do with a flivver they put us to operating a all-American flight and we showed em a thing or two.

Bill did you ever see a English Sergeant Major? You'd think he was the Kaiser himself. Well one day this bird sends for me and I just saunters into his office and asks who wants to see me. He says stand at attention and salute. Do you know who I am? I says no. He says I'm a Sergeant Major in His Majesty's Service. That kind of made me hot and





Officers of the 163rd Aero Squadron

I says do you know who I am? I'm a buck private in the United States Army and that's more than you ever will be you big stiff and Bill do you know Lt. Markes gives me four weeks K. P. for it.

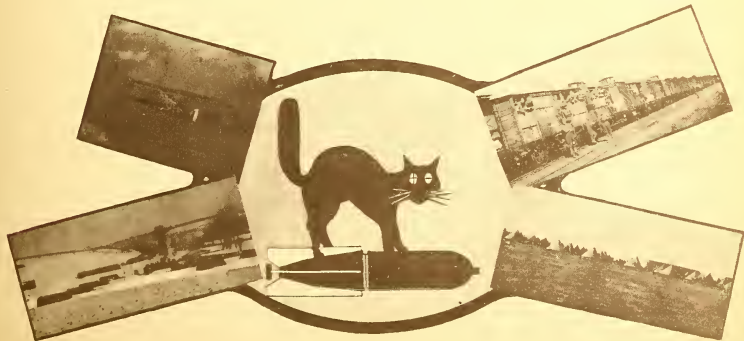
Along in August they busted the squadron all up and sent four flights to different places but we got together again and had a final inspection at Winchester. They told us we were some boys. Said if we had only been airplanes or cigarets or something like that we would of been good enough for the S. O. S.

Then we crossed the Channel and they shipped us to St. Maixent in the doggondest little freight cars you ever did see. They look like Mike McCanns wood-shed on wheels and they put 40 of us or 8 horses in each one. I wished I was a horse so I could stretch my feet without breaking some birds nose. We got near the front at Colombey-les-Belles and then went to our own airdrome at Delouze (Thats the name of a town Not a cootie-killer) but Fritz was on the run and we moved up to Ourches on the 1st of November so we could get a crack at him. Well they gave us a bunch of pilots and observers and Liberty planes and bokoo (French slang for a lot of) bombs. We did a few patrols along the lines just to get used to it and then the order came to bomb Germany but I guess Gott must of been with the bosh because we had cloudy weather until the 11th of November and then just when the boys had all the motors warmed up and was about to take Heinie a basket of eggs up comes Major Reinburg and calls off the whole war. Gee we was mad.

Since then all we been doing is K. P. and football and basketball and some of the Loots are still flying but Bill they aint got good sence or they wouldent of learned to fly in the first place. It aint healthy. We go to school too and learn all about machine guns so we can put all them prohibition guys to pushing up daisies when we get back to the U. S.

Well Bill this has been a long letter but I aint told you half of what we been doing. When I get back to Keokuk you can call out the band and get all the gang around the post office and I'll tell em how us boys of the 163rd won the war.

Yours,
Hank.





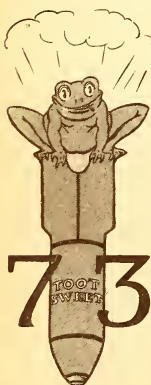
History of the 73rd Squadron

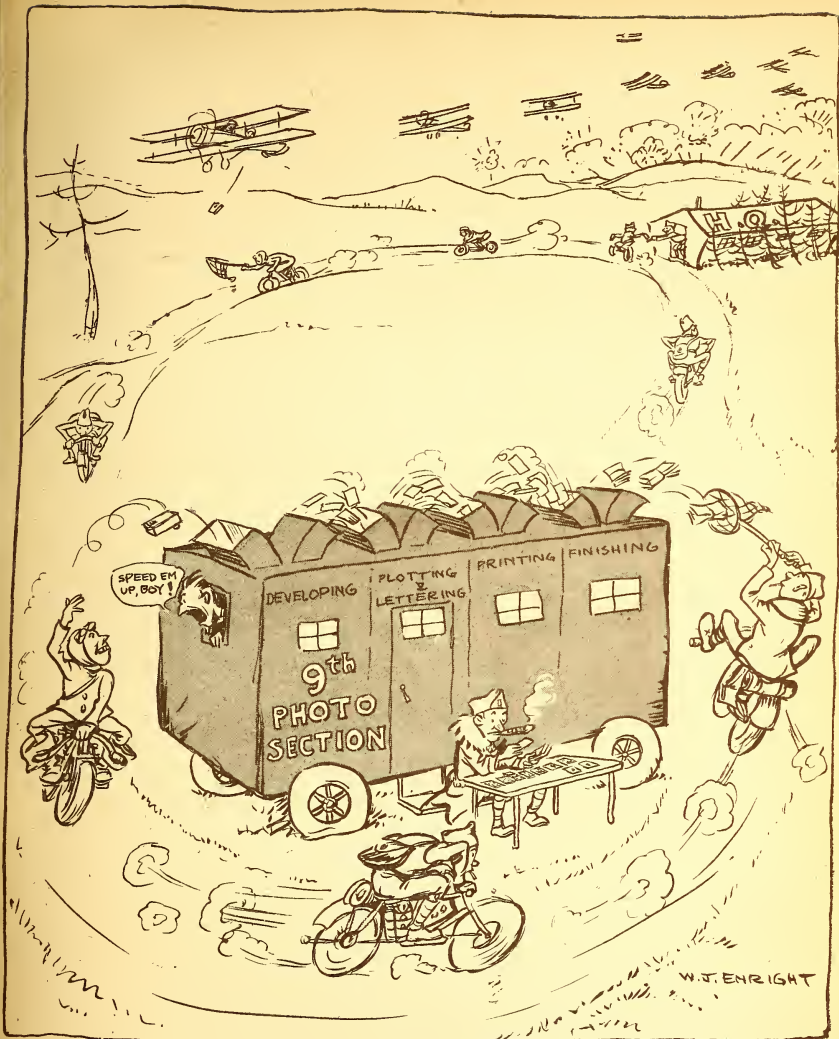
FEBRUARY 22nd is George Washington's birthday, but it is also the birthday of the 73rd U. S. Aero Squadron. The latter was born at Waco, Texas, and in its ranks were 150 privates, all of the volunteer variety, and one officer, 1st Lt. Loren W. DeMotte, who assumed command of the organization at its inception. Six days after the Squadron became a squadron, it picked up its barracks bags and shelter-halves and hied itself to Call Field, Wichita Falls, as per such and such an order, such and such a date, such and such a headquarters. Here it received intensive training in the care and currying of airplanes. Five months of this prepared the squadron for overseas duty, or at least it was ordered to report to Garden city for transportation overseas.

After a month of waiting at this place, which, as any one who has waited at Garden City for a month knows, is a long long time, the squadron pushed off from Hoboken for France on August 13, 1918. There were no submarine scares for the 73rd during its voyage, nothing but rolling, rocking, and reducing hunger among the finny tribes. It landed safely at Brest, and for the first time in its history, was billeted in barracks. Later the squadron, after being issued rifles and gas masks, which brought to it the name of "Flying Infantry", was ordered to St. Maixent.

After a tour of France, with Nancy, Colombey-les-Belles, Delouze and other well known American stations included on the itinerary, the squadron finally found a home with the 2nd Day Bombardment Group at Ourches (Meuse), France, on November 13th 1918. Here it proceeded to act as a Park squadron, taking charge of the transportation of the Group. It completed the happy family of the Group by furnishing a football team, and teams in various other athletic competitions and, best of all, transportation to Toul.

Luckless from the beginning, however, the squadron was ordained to do all the fatigue, guard and police duty for the group. It was sans flying personnel, sans planes to care for, and sans glory, so it was forced to content itself with doing its bit in its own peculiar calling—just plain work.





A QUIET DAY



9th Photographic Section

DEAR Air Service :



" A bag of bones, a bunch of hair,
We're in the Ninth Section, haven't a care. "

That's our way of introducing style as Kipling sings it. If you haven't heard about the Ninth Photo Section, you're not in the Army. If you're not in the Army, we want to shake hands and ask how you kept out of it.

Well, last August (1918) at Garden City, U. S. A., we were created, formed, put into shape, as it were. We were issued everything we needed to be miserable, and we had to carry it around on our backs. The first Gould came to the U. S., with a pack on his back. He must have been a soldier. We don't blame him for deserting the European Army. One night we dressed up like pack mules and marched "somewhere". In the morning we were driven, right by file, on "some boat".

" A disappearing coast, flags flying high,
We shed a tear and said 'good-bye'. "

A sea voyage may be pleasant in peace times, but in time of war, NO! We prefer to see the same thing in the Movies and get the same feelings on a Scenic Railway; they don't last as long and there are no submarines around. Getting out of the submarine zone was like getting out of the Draft. We had to join the Army to get out of the Draft and we had to come to Europe to get out of the danger zone.

" A fog, a hard biscuit, a cup of cold tea,
Mother, wave the service flag from the top of a tree. "

You can take a man to REST CAMP, but you can't make him sleep. That's an ancient parable modernized. We've seen warped boards but we've never seen boards warped to fit a man's

Personnel of the Section





back as a bed. We rocked over the English Channel, and then galloped all over France in a lame "Chevaux 8" car, until we reached Tours in September. There we went to school to learn what we threw overboard after we left the States. In October we "parti'ed" (that's French) to Colombey-les-Belles for supplies.

"The hum of a motor, a dazzling flare,
A damnable explosion, a Hun in the Air."

We lost all the supplies we ever had. Terrible! The Hun never gave us a chance to eat supper, and in the morning we couldn't find a mess kit—and we developed one of the fastest runners in the A. E. F.

We were assigned to the "Flying Fish" at Ourches, but the Kaiser must have heard that we were at the front, for the morning we were going over to get his picture, he signed the armistice.

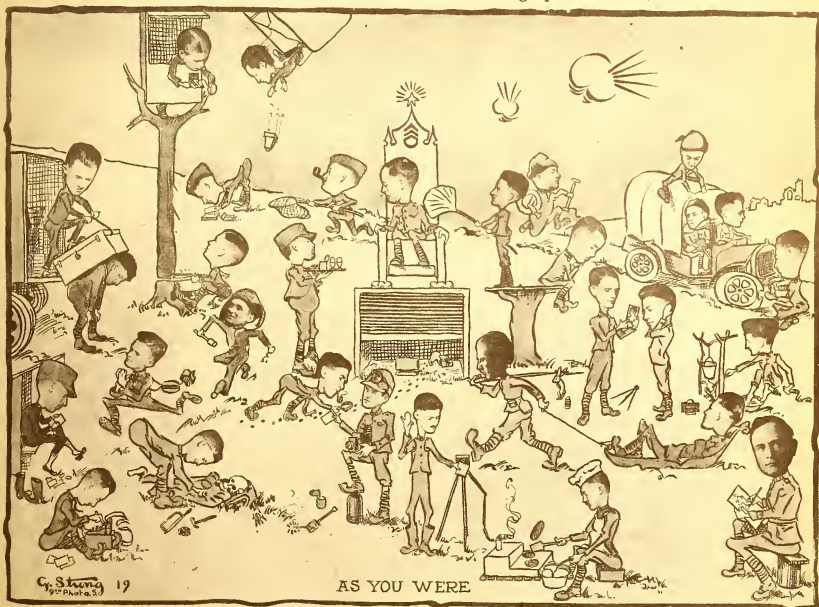
"Gas shells, machine guns, one cannot laugh,
Every devilish invention we had to photograph."

And after the guerre was over, they finally sent us into the trenches. Over the top, looking into the mouths of machine guns, down into the dugouts we went. Even the heavy batteries didn't stop our advance. But not one live Boche did we find. They must have been afraid of a camera. We have enough souvenirs to fill all the junk shops in the States, and we have enough photographs to fill the albums of every officer in the Army.

"Now for us, the War's "Fin"i",
So take us home, and turn us free."

Yours truly,

Ninth Photographic Section, A. S. U. S. A.





16th Photographic Section

November 11th, 1918 To—

THE signing of the armistice was the death knell to the activities of many organizations. Not so with the 16th Photo Section.

We had our own little "Scylla and Charybdis" in the form of the R. T. O. at Is-sur-Tille, whose clutches we escaped after a twenty hour struggle, only to fall into the throes of a train wreck, from which we emerged with only a few scratches.

Thus November 11th found us at the First Air Depot with hostilities for others ended and ours just begun. Witness our morning report for November 14th : Losses 66 $\frac{2}{3}$ % (20 men by transfer), Captured 5 (same way). That day we advanced on the 2nd Day Bombardment Group at Ourches, and successfully attached ourselves to the Group.

At Ourches the section anxiously awaited orders to go over the top. Zero hour was December 19th, and under the able leadership of our C. O., nine went to the attack while six men were kept in reserve, and for the services of supply at Ourches. At a previously arranged signal (the turn of a crank) the men advanced with motor photo truck and lorry, and aided by a motorcycle and Ford, they soon reached their objective, Charey, Meuse.

This was not a battle without bloodshed. A Bolsheviki hand grenade who had not put his signature to the armistice, attacked two of our number, slightly wounding them. Many trenches and machine gun nests were "taken" by our camera men, and much powder was used (for flashlights) in overcoming the obstacles presented by dugouts. We took many enemy positions by subjecting them to exposure. This method of attack was very successful, sometimes taking but a fraction of a second for its completion. Our "shots" always took effect, and our attacks always "developed" in our favor.

While billeted at Charey we made many discoveries. We found that as a photographer, one of our number made a good cook. Our Chauffeur was a credit to the Air Service. He could loop the loop in a Ford, landing upside down without injury to himself or observer.

Well, our work is done now and they tell us we're going home. Adieu, France. The 16th Photo Section passes into history.

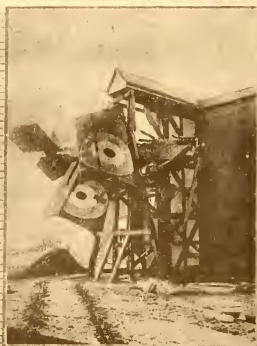




His first solo over the lines.



— and
no one
was
hurt



\$ 75,000.00 worth of Liberty Loan money which went to show what some planes can do without
giving War Risk Insurance to the folks.

WHEN THE GANG PLANK HITS HOBOKEN

When the gang plank hits Hoboken,
The first thing that I'll do
Has been a sort of worryin' me
And kept me feelin' blue.

I've woke up many a mornin',
Sometimes right in the night,
And thought so hard, I'd go to mess
And could'n't eat a bite.

For I'd get myself a hungerin'
For somethin' they dont grow
In this land of frogs and gooeey mud
That I came to long ago.

And my forehead got all wrinkled
Thinkin' where I'd steer my feet,
From the docks in old Hoboken
To things to see or eat.

At times I'd think some ham and eggs
A dish no one could beat,
At other times a rare beef steak
Where the onions hid the meat.

I thought of shortcake many nights,
Those days were filled with woe!
For prunes were the only berries here
And all our cake was dough.

I've even thought of angel food
And Sundaes full of fruits,
And roasted peanuts by the bag
As food for Gods or Lieuts.

I thought of goin' to Halloran's
To get an Oyster stew,
Or chop Sooey with mushrooms
At the joint of Wun Lung Loo.

And, when I was'n't hungry,
I thought just where I'd stray
When the gang plank hits Hoboken
N-E-W Y-O-R-K would spell Broadway.

I fought out many battles
Until my mind was sore;
But now I've got it settled,
I don't worry any more.

I know just what's the trouble
And what's been hungerin' me,
So, there'll be no hesitation
When my boat gets in from sea.

I've got a Buffalo Nickel, that
I've saved through all this stew,
I'm goin' to hunt a slot machine
And telephone to YOU.



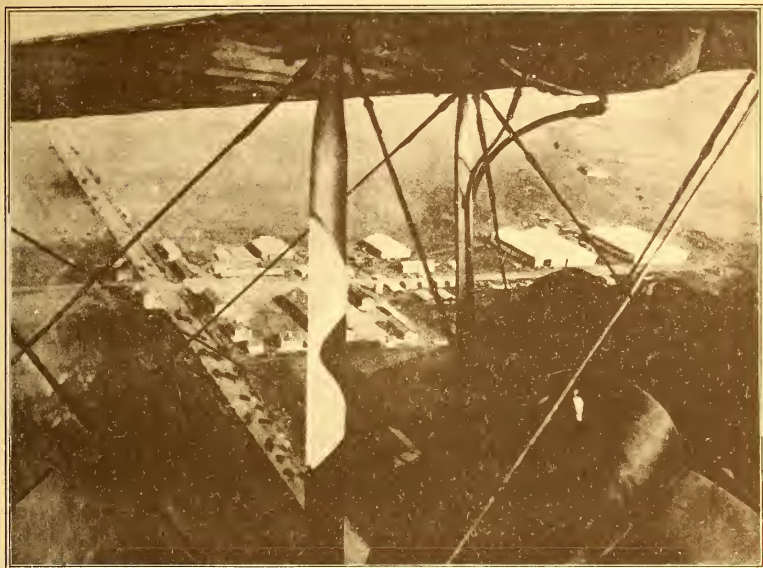


THE Group, when it first began, found itself at Ourches on the Meuse. Historically, this aerodrome was an interesting sort of place. It had been in use by the French since the early days of the war, had housed at one time the Lafayette Escadrille, had seen the take-off of the first formation of American made planes to cross the lines, and in other ways had provided itself with an interesting past. Also, for those who loved rolling, pastoral scenery and the quiet of a seldom-seen far-from-anywhere country place, the camp had its charms. However, as all admitted, the slush and deep mud was a drawback and the sole pleasure of a stroll along the grassy banks of the meandering Meuse with some "straw pile queen" didn't quite make the city dwellers among us enthusiastic about their environments.

Some variety must be had. Some one had heard of a fast and frivolous town called Toul or perhaps he had spent several drizzling hours about the station impatiently awaiting Capt. Zinn's Parmelee transfer service to Colombey-les-Belles. No, loving parents, it was not our interest in the venerable cloisters of the church of Saint-Gengoult, nor the beauty of the Hotel de Ville, nor even a desire to gaze rapturously at the "Fountain" without which a stranger in Toul could scarcely find the Y. M. C. A. or the K. of C., but it was an attraction purely American. There were American hospitals just outside of Toul and in these hospitals were American nurses who parleyed a language gloriously labeled "Made in the U. S. A." We could talk of Broadway and Keokuk and the sand storms of San Antonio with people who understood. "No compree" for the time being could be forgotten.

Accordingly on September 30, 1918, the Group beat a strategic retreat to Toul Field No. 1.





The cost of living was thus reduced, the gas and tire items in particular appearing better on the books since social functions could be attended by the officers without a heavy tax on transportation supplies. And the solid comforts of a permanent camp (Gengoult Field), built by the French before the Great War as a part of the frontier fortifications against their ancient enemy, were the more appreciated after the Ourches "ordeal by mud".

The Fourth Observation Group refers the gentle reader to the history of the units comprising it for the details of operations over the lines during its brief sojourn in the war.

In post bellum days the Group's chief business has been to draw its pay and keep a guard at the gate in order to prevent its own members, as well as others, from taking cars on trips without orders.

Like the swan of Grecian lore which died peacefully singing a low sweet song as it drifted down stream, the Fourth Observation Group wishes to leave off recording and be but a memory—a metaphor of a happy ending after a rather uneventful career. It wants to go home.





278th Aero Squadron

SOME squadrons are born late, some acquire lateness, and still others have lateness thrust upon them. The 278th did all but acquire lateness. It was born late at Love Field, Dallas, Texas, but being placed upon the overseas priority list immediately after its birth—February 1st 1918—it had visions of an early trip to the front. Then lateness was thrust upon it and it was not until seven months later that it caught its first glimpse of “sunny” France at Brest.

Most of the intervening time was spent at Love Field, that haven of rest, which was as popular among the white ribboned cadets as Mr. Keeley's well known institute is among the inveterates. At one time it looked as though there might be a little something for the men to do about the field, but it was not to be, for the Flying Officers from Camp Dick began to blow in under orders to earn their flying-pay and the resulting wreckage precluded the possibility of anyone having to carry much gas or oil. Then just when everyone had established two or three good headquarters in Dallas, orders came and on July 8th serge uniforms and other (non) regulation trinkets were packed and the squadron headed toward Garden City full of vim and determined to be in at the finish if possible. As far as St. Louis the trip was made in day coaches but the kind-hearted Adjutant contracted for standard Sleepers for the remainder of the distance and is still trying to find out whether the berth-rate is five or six dollars. It makes quite a difference where fifty-two lowers and fifty-one uppers are concerned.

Passes were issued freely at Garden City, so New York had a treat until the 18th of August when the lusty warriors were assigned to inside staterooms among the freight and took up the



chase of the elusive rodent for a pastime. All the trinkets and evening clothes collected in the Southland were mysteriously "lost" at the port, much to the chagrin of the would-be Beau Brummels of the outfit. The submarine warfare proved to be a frost, although there was plenty of action aboard ship when the squadron took up the dunt of the festive rodent down in the hold.

Passing lightly over the delights of debarkation at the port of Brest, we skip along to the stops at St. Maixent and Colombey-les-Belles, and then find the squadron digging itself in at Autreville. About eight pilots, four or five observers and eighteen ships drifted in, making the 278th begin to look like a regular aero squadron. It was about this time that the Ordnance Officer consented to take a ride, but it rained the next day and now he goes to bed whenever he feels that way.

Everything was going smoothly except for the orderlies who were caught taking fire-wood now and then at four-twenty-five per tree. Then came orders to Gondreville and the front at last, but just when everyone had his "In-case-I-do-not-return" letter written the French claimed the field, and possession being nine points of the law, kept it and the 278th once more had lateness thrust upon it. However, rather than be late for the whole show operations were carried on from Autreville and the Squadron received credit for eighteen hours over the lines. There is some dispute as to who put in this time and the probabilities are that it will be split eighteen ways as a dozen and a half stories will be better than one for home consumption. The day we moved to Toul the ceiling was about two hundred feet, but the pilots were full of navigation and used the compasses over the clouds, with the result that crew chiefs and mechanics listened to "the last shot of the war" all day long after the ships came back. Finally on the 10th of November the 278th moved to the Toul Aerodrome in time for the grand finale and the shouting at the Peace Conference.

After the smoke rolled away the Squadron settled down at Toul and sewed the red and white "2" of the Second Army on its shoulders, and is now amusing itself in various ways while waiting for the last "40 hommes" train-ride.





135th Aero Squadron

WHEN the time came at last for the long-heralded American Battle-plane, the Liberty-engined. DH. 4, to be introduced to His Atrociousness the Hun and His Arch Lowness William of Hohenzollern, the One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Aero Squadron was picked for the job.

The Squadron had been formed away back in the "Dark Ages" of American aviation. It had gone through all the days of training and disciplining back home, training and starving in England, training and fatiguing in the S. O. S. till it finally arrived in the Zone of Advance

July 19th, 1918, at Amanty. Here Lieutenant Blair Thaw, a real war pilot, took charge. A week sufficed for the supplies and transportation to catch up and on July 30th the Squadron moved up to the front at Ourches.

Five short weeks here and the pilots, observers, brand new Liberties and other accoutrements necessary to the "Eyes of the Army" had arrived. The First American squadron with American-built planes was now ready for business. It was one year, four months and one day since Uncle Sam had declared his intention to drive old Jerry from the heavens, however, "ça ne fait rien".

'Tis the seventh day of August 1918. A fanfare of trumpets sounds in the distance. The long-looked-for curtain is about to ascend. Beaucoup Officials and moving-picture men begin to appear on the scene. Seeing the cameras, all the Kiwis don their leather coats and occupy the foreground with a sang-froid air and the well-known look of the intrepid airman.

In the words of the War Correspondent, "All is in readiness. The steel gray eyed birdmen mount blithely into their seats. A word to the waiting mechanics and the mighty motors burst forth in thundering chorus. A nod, a gesture and the eighteen planes hop gracefully over the ground, leap into the atmosphere and disappear in ever widening spirals into the ethereal blue to drive von Hindenburg from the skies forever." ("Oh, say can you see—!")

The first sortie was led by Brigadier General Foulis with Lieutenant Blair Thaw as his observer and Colonel Royce flying the second machine as deputy.

Within a week the Squadron was hard at work with army observation and reconnaissance. So, there remains little that is humorous to be said of the tiresome, bloody business of warfare that followed.

On August 16th came the first taste of blood. While shooting pictures one of the teams was attacked by a Hun pursuit flight. The gas line failed to stop the first bullet so the engine decided to quit. Then the pilot stopped three of them in his leg and hip but he didn't let that worry him and somehow or other got her down on our side.



August 7th, 1918. The first
"Liberty" formation over the lines.

five Huns. They finished one of them off, making the first victory for the Squadron, and the rest decided they could do better on some other part of the line. Five days later the same two began to exchange missives with a flock of Huns who were disputing their right to take certain photos. The observer got one through his Lewis gun, then another in his hip and the third finished off the rudder controls. The pilot kept his front guns going strong till the Huns gave up the job, then crashed down in a rough field.

In preparation for the St. Mihiel drive of September 12th the Squadron was assigned to the 89th division. No one who was there will ever forget that day. While flying through the barrage under the low clouds, one ship received a direct hit from one of our own shells and, with its occupant, was blown to bits. Another team accomplished a deep reconnaissance into the German back areas, brought back their information and dropped it, returned to do counter-battery work and were attacked by a large formation and brought down in flames. Another was attacked by seven Hun chasse planes. The Huns filled the wings with holes, shot away the radio key and altimeter and the elevator wires on one side but very kindly left them hanging by one strand on the other and the pilot brought her all the way back to the aerodrome to give the salvage crew something to do.

That morning, too, a new pilot went up for his maiden voyage. The Huns caught him and put twenty nine holes in his brand new machine. But he managed to get back to the aerodrome and get patched up and went back that afternoon and got himself a nice fat Hun just to make it a good start. Another team went out for their first trip. They got into an argument with the low clouds and found themselves far into Germany. Turning around they came back and landed in what they thought was France. No such luck, however! It was Switzerland, and when they attempted to leave the wiley Swiss extended hospitality in the form of a machine gun so they had to watch the rest of the war from the Alps.

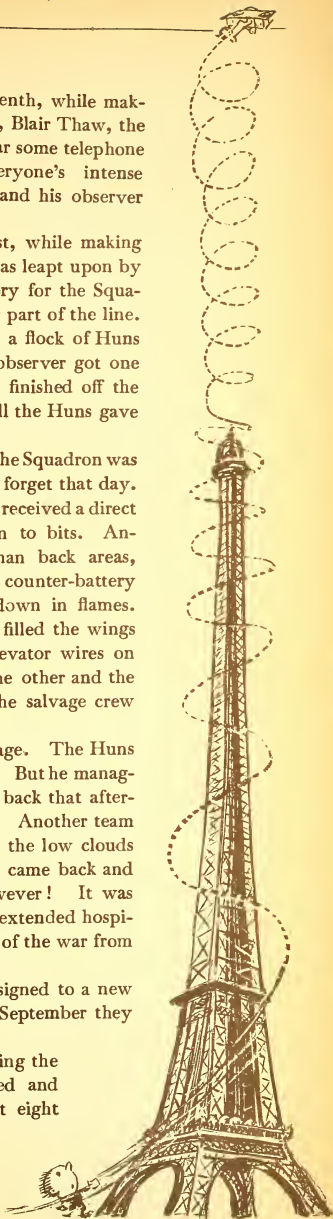
After the push the Squadron worried along while being assigned to a new Division almost every other day. Finally, on the last day of September they moved from Ourches to the Toul aerodrome.

So the war went on till the end came in November. During the time the Squadron was on the front it carried out ten hundred and sixteen sorties. Two pilots and three observers were lost but eight enemy machines were accounted for according to official reports.

On the 10th of February, 1919, the organization started on what is hoped to be the last sortie—HOME.

On the eighteenth, while making a forced landing, Blair Thaw, the C. O., failed to clear some telephone wires and, to everyone's intense sorrow, was killed, and his observer severely injured.

On August 21st, while making pictures, one team was leapt upon by





The 85th Aero Squadron

THE Story of the 85th Observation Squadron is not one that will set the world afire, nor will it reflect untold glory on the members of the organization, but it is a fairly interesting tale and another case of history nipped in the bud.

The Squadron first saw daylight at Kelly Field, South San Antonio, Texas, on August 17th, 1917. Practically all of the enlisted personnel hailed from California, and even to-day, though numerous changes have altered the roster, the majority of the boys are "native sons".

The Winter of 1917-1918 was spent in shoveling snow, changing Commanding Officers and flying at Scott Field, Belleville, Illinois.

March 6th found the Squadron in England with heads held high. Were they not on their way to the front? They were not, for it wasn't until September 9th—six months later—that they landed in France. However, the famous S. S. "Olympic" had brought the 85th to Liverpool; and after a rest (?) at Winnal Down, Winchester, the twelve-mile hike to Romsey was accomplished as easily as if it had been a hundred. Harlaxton Airdrome, Grantham, Lincolnshire, England, was the scene of much preparation for the terrific campaign to come—at least, that was what they told us it was. But as a matter of fact our job was to help in the training of pilots for the R. A. F., and at the same time to learn some of the ways and methods of that organization.

And then on the 9th of September, we actually did start out for the scene of that terrific campaign in which we were to participate (?) But more about that later.

After reaching Cherbourg, our first port in France, we headed for St. Maixent, the delight of all aero squadrons, to receive equipment.

Then to hill 402, Chaumont, where the Squadron was given the finishing touches and told to "go get 'em". Let us not dwell too long on the Chaumont activities for we are anxious that you should know of the doings of the 85th at the front. Suffice it to say that here



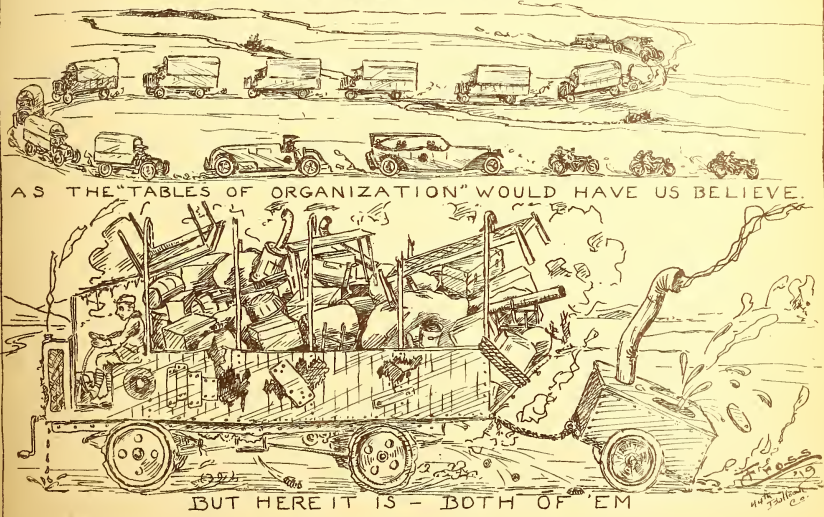


Captain Herbert A. Schaffner whipped the organization into fighting trim and brought it to Toul Airdrome with blood in its eye.

On November 10th, 1918, led by the Commanding Officer, the 85th Squadron made its first flight over the enemy lines and on the same day at the same time made its last. Though the trip was a reconnaissance expedition to Conflans, there was little military information, other than the presence of "Archies", reported.

At the time of this writing the Squadron is part taking in liaison exercises for the edification of the Infantry, and taking pictures of Lord-knows-what for Lord-knows-whom. All spare moments are employed in thawing out frozen water-pipes in order that Rip Van Winkle beards may be eliminated.

OUR TRANSPORTATION.





The 3th Photographic Section

THE Third in all things is considered fateful. To this rule the Third Photo Section was no exception. From August 14th up until the present our little horse-shoe has never failed us, with the one exception that we are still in France. But for the enlightenment of the public let us begin. After dodging torpedoes for fourteen days on the Mississinabie we were allowed the privilege of resting five days in England. We left there without any casualties and our good luck, in connection with a French freight train, brought us to Tours. From Tours to Luxeuil was but a matter of a few days.

At Luxeuil-les-Bains we did our bit by listening to the guns, and making use of Julius Caesar's Baths, which were placed there about 50 B. C., showing the courtesy of the Italians towards the Yanks. But one tires of too much luxury, so we left for a two weeks stay along the Swiss border, where we were





objects of curiosity to the inhabitants. Hearing that there was danger of an Armistice being signed, we hastened towards the Toul sector. The news of our coming preceded us with the result that the Armistice was signed, the Germans retreated to the Rhine and we were halted temporarily in our drive at Toul. But we, not satisfied with our victory, began the pursuit anew and spent over ten weeks plotting dugouts, trenches and fortifications along the Hindenburg Line. Each evening we brought in prisoners in the form of helmets, gas masks, guns, and "Gott mit uns" buttons.

Finally we were recalled to Toul where we rest in our luxurious barracks, impatiently waiting for the C. O. to announce the "unfavorable news", the arrival of the orders for home.

Sometimes in our activities you will find us around our music box or barber's chair, praying for cloudy weather or waiting for the Frenchman at the power plant to throw in another shovelful of coal. Occasionally you may see us toiling into midnight, after Colombey-les-Belles, has staggered an ambitious observer or the sun has shone too brightly during the day.

Being endowed with "Yank Modesty" we "hate to brag" but after we get home you will hear it rumored that we were indispensable to victory, that man for man we were the best section in France and Uncle Sam surely was in luck when he finally got us started overseas. Our work well done, with faces turned hopefully westward, with our razors ready to shave our upper lips, we are expectantly waiting for orders to embark.





On the line—as the first man off the ground sees it

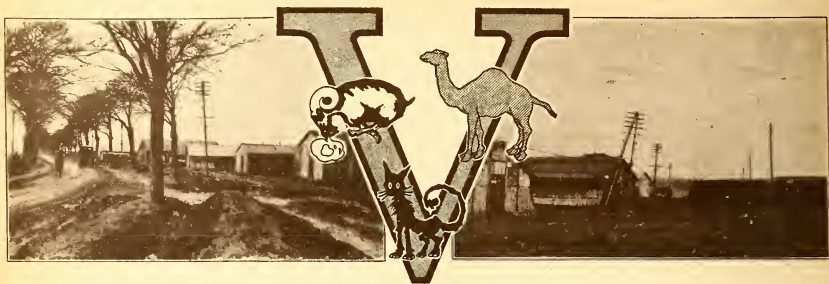
THE SONG OF THE FIFTH PURSUIT



We have a herd of Cam-els And a flock or two of Spads. Oh, Pil-ots brave and
bold are we And migh-ty hap-py lads. All day we fly both high and far, All
night we hang a - round the bar, Good fel-low - ship, stiff up - per lip, The
CHORUS
slog-an of our group. We are read - y to fly through Had - es, We've a
G. O. who'll lead an - y where, Tho it be day or night, We are
ach - ing to fight, On the ground, at the bar, or in an - y kind of air. With a
ship like a Spad or a Cam - el To pro - tect eve - ry bombing Lib - er -
ty, From the old bat - tle ground We will fly Co - blenz
bound And we'll raise beaucoup hell in Ger - ma ny.

Each Sopwith has a dromedary
Painted on its side,
The Spads each sport a ram or cat
When they go for a ride,
The camel, so the poet says,
Can go without a drink eight days,
We've yet to see the camel man
To show us that he can.

We came, we saw our country's need
In answer to the call,
And though some never saw a scrap,
At that we're aces all.
We have a camel, ram and cat,
Now what the hell do you think of that,
The Huns know we can fly and shoot
We are the Fifth Pursuit.



Being the Tale of the far famed Fifth Pursuit Group

- Nov. 1, 1918. Some "higher-up" at G. H. Q. has an idea.
 Nov. 10. The 5th Pursuit comes into being on paper. Scene : Colombey-les-Belles.
 Goats : Aero Sqdns. 41, 138, and 638.
 Nov. 11. Willum Hohenzollern hears about it and decides an armistice would be the best way out.
 Pilots en route from St. Jean-des-Monts to the terrible guerre reach Paris and find are that said guerre has conked out. Decide to entrench right where they for a bit.
 Nov. 19, 20, 21. Pilots make the alarming discovery that Paree puts quite a strain on the pay check and report for duty at Lay St. Remy, where the mud is.
 Nov. 28. Thanksgiving. Sous Lieutnong Willsey proves that even an aviator's uniform is less horrible than civvies. The 638th concocts the best punch for the day, according to results.
 Dec. 1. The horrors of life at the front are brought home to us in full force, when the "chef du piste" at Noble's billet tries to close up the poker game at 10P.M. International relations are strained, but the game goes on.
 Dec. 5. We move. Billets to barracks.



- Dec. 20. We move again. New barracks have better natural ventilation, being on top of the hill.
 Dec. 25. Christmas. It is proved that a group officers' mess is more efficient than the squadron messes because the group punch bowl contains a greater assortment of ideas.
 Major Kirby leads the



The Group Staff.

grand march, causing several of the brothers to conclude that after all there is something to be said for prohibition.

Jan. 1, 1919. New Year's Day. Being the morning after the night before, the general opinion is that, after all, the Xmas celebration was rather mild.

Jan. 5. Men's quarters are moved.

Jan. 8. The hangars are moved.

Jan. 10. Moving Day. It's a habit.

Jan. 12. Several small buildings are moved. ("Take da leetla house offa da hole an' put 'em on da odda hole").

Jan. 15. The Spad-Camel controversy reaches its height. G. C. M. called to settle the argument decides that Camel flyers excel in sleeping late o' the morn, and also are better barracks flyers. History takes note of the fact that Adjutant Noble gets up for breakfast "when we have eggs".

Jan. 30. 2nd Army supply department wants to know whatinell we do with all that gas. We point with pride to the operations report, which shows that the Fifth is doing more flying than all the rest of the Second Army put together.

Feb. 8. February thaw sets in. Chief navigator reports three fathoms of mud on the 'drome. Sgt. of the Guards reports two sentries "spurlos versenkt" while walking post. Request for patrol boats forwarded to Secretary of the Navy.

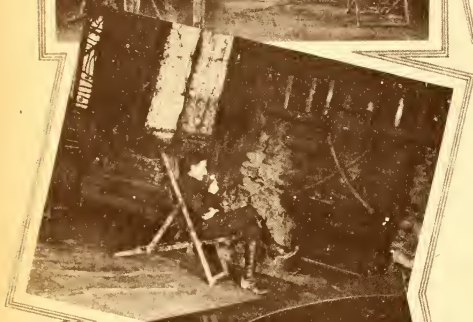
Feb. 15. Hdqrs. requests 27 pilots to be sent home, but only five (married men) volunteer.

Everybody wants to stick around and it looks as if they will, all right.

Mar. 1st After several months in retire-ment the old rum-mor pops up again — "We're going into Germany".



Major Kirby: Why not eat here, —this looks like a very good place.



Mar. 12th. The world comes to an end—the planets crash—the immovable force is moved by the irresistible body—SOME OFFICERS ARE PROMOTED!!! They said “there hain’t no such thing” in the the Air Service but nevertheless some second Looies are raised to the dizzy heights of 1st Leftenants, new Captains sprout all around, and we even see the miracle of a MAJOR created right before our very eyes.

There are meals you get at Sherry's,
There are meals you get at Childs',
There are meals you get at Thompson's
[lunch rooms,
That are served in many different styles.
You can find a place in any city,
Where you and your friends can get a
[meal,
But I'll bet you never thought of looking
In a Frog Town Hôtel de Ville.



Kodak Aces at the Fifth Pursuit



The 638th Aero Squadron

From : 2nd Asst. K. P., on d/s as Squadron Historian.
To : The Editor of this here book.
Subject : History of 638th Aero Sqdn.

1. According to orders issued from your editorial sanctum, a page or so of perfectly good space is to be devoted to the history of the 638th. Of course, orders is orders, but before proceeding to burn up the bearings of the squadron typewriter in executing your command, I should like to point out that the history has already been written in the most complete and accurate manner by one Julius Caesar, who used only two words to do the job, namely :

“VENI VIDI”

2. In the interest of conservation of conversation, this masterpiece should be allowed to stand. But if you insist that we drag the skeletons out of the family closet and delineate such unpleasant details as the battle between Lts. Willsey and Noble and the Paris M. P. 's, then listen, my children, and you shall hear :

Aug. 31, 1917. 117th Aero Sqdn. organized at Kelly Field (of course). Later, due to the scarcity of 7's and 11's, this number was taken away and 638 substituted.

October. 10, 1917. Mineola. Beaucoup pick and shovel training in preparation for overseas. On the briny. Mess Sgt. reports most of the outfit detached from rations.

Dec. 17 to 31. Rest camp at Winchester, England. Everybody's stomach gets a good rest.

Jan. 7, 1918. Cattericks, Harlaxton, Dublin, and other stops. Real planes to work on, while the old pick rusted up. “The language is kinda hard to get, but, say buddy, them girls are there!”

Jan. to Aug. “I'm off for the war, mother.” Orders for France at larst. We hit Havre, and cheat some horses out of transportation to St. Maixent.

Aug. 31.





Sept. and Oct. "Gosh, ain't this war awful!" Being in the terrible Colombey-les-Belles sector, only 20 miles behind the lines, we can plainly hear the big guns. Jerry also obliges with a few air raids but all his ash cans fall out in the open. Archie succeeds in getting two hunks for us.

Nov. 15. At last! We're on the front (at Lay St. Remy) and everything is sittin' pretty, except for the trifling fact that the guerre is fini, and we have no planes or pilots.

Nov. 18. We are now a reg'lar outfit. Pilots, planes, 'n everything, including a C. O. who has gotten himself the D. S. C., the Légion d'Honneur, and the Croix de Guerre with a coupla palms 'n things. But even his medals didn't help Buford when he ventured into the red dog game in Noble's room.

Nov. 28. Thanksgiving. "Wotinel have we got to be thankful for?" wails the chorus of the-guys-who-wanted-to-fight. Mess Officer Schultz concocts a pink punch that makes 'em feel better. (Next morning they feel worse.)

Dec. 25. The Xmas fireworks display knocks 'em dead, especially when Operations Elliot starts 94 rockets off at once and the war is on again.

Jan. 1, 1919. Two gold chevrons for the outfit.

Jan., Feb., Mar. Still at Lay St. Remy, waiting. Will it be Coblenz or Hombaken?





The 138th Aero Squadron

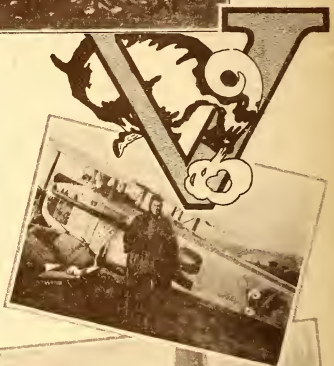
IN Texas' sunny clime, at that well known "Pilot Factory", Kelly Field, the 138th Aero Squadron held its first roll call September 28th, 1917. At this station such trivial things as 110° heat, sand and dust storms (known in the vernacular as "northers") and mosquitoes that rivalled the eagle for size and ferocity, served to endear the "Lone Star State" to the hearts of the boys.

Having learned the rudiments of army life, the Squadron took its first step up the social ladder when it moved to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, about the middle of October. Here the boys enjoyed such luxuries as steam heat, electric lights, showers and more sand storms. For recreation, K. P., fatigue, guard duty and squads east and round about were introduced. Early in December three mammoth wrecks called Curtiss R-4s were inflicted on the Squadron as a pledge that it would eventually become a real aero squadron. Along in January some of the men had the thrilling sensation of a "test flight", and from then on all ships were noticeably in need of tests.

The middle of February found the Squadron snowbound in a warehouse at Garden City, L. I., a bitter contrast to the steam-heated barracks at Fort Sill. The situation was considerably bettered when quarters were assigned us beneath the grand stand at Mineola.

On the afternoon of March 5th the Squadron bade farewell to the Statue of Liberty, and, two weeks later, fetched up at Liverpool where they were soon getting a touch of old England's rainy season. What!

It was not long before Montrose, Scotland, was chosen to entertain the 138th. As regards Montrose, it may well be said that every man in the outfit has a wee warm place in his heart for Bonnie Scotland. While at this station the Squadron worked in conjunction with Fifth Wing, Royal Air Force. It was with regret that Montrose was left behind on August 14th:





especially hard was it for those eight members who had chosen life partners from among the Scotch lassies.

Arriving at Cherbourg, France, on August 19th, the trip to St. Maixent was made in the usual French manner. Here additional personnel and full equipment were received and the Squadron again entrained, this time for the "steel mills" of Romorantin. Here fatigue details became annoyingly frequent and a goodly number of the personnel became unusually proficient at juggling huge "I" beams.

Colombey-les-Belles, that Mecca of Aviation, was reached on September 18th. The welcome extended was rather discouraging, there being much rain, chilly weather and mud about the barn-and-hay-loft billets.

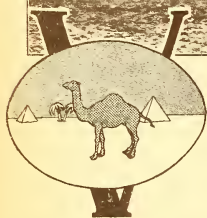
The nearness to the front, the sound of the big guns and the actual nearness of the great fight helped create some excitement which approached the real thing when Hun planes made night raids over the field. Aided by their big flares, they dropped bombs large enough to blow whole barracks off the map but, fortunately, large dents in the field were the only result.

On November 5th some Sopwith Camels were issued to the Squadron. Then came the Armistice and put an end to any chance of operating against the Hun.

On November 14th the 138th moved to the peaceful village of Lay St. Remy, twelve kilometres west of Toul. A great change took place in the Squadron when the big transfer of ships was put across, the 138th trading their Camels for Spad VIIIs. After due consideration it was agreed that the Spad was a warmer and far more pleasant jitney bus than the Camel.

We have had our difficulties in piling up flying time. First it was the rainy season when even the mud-guards could not save all the "props". Then came the crispy cold season when the hard ground caused many tail-skids and tires to go by the board. With the balmy spring days approaching, both officers and men expect to pad their pilot books.





The 41st Aero Squadron

A few days after the War Department took on the job of making the world safe for democracy, the 41st Aero "fell in" at Kelly field. For three months an attempt was made to drive the Hun out of the skies by digging post-holes and building roads. This seemed to have small effect, so the Squadron was moved to Michigan. Here they found aeroplanes and large amounts of squads east and west. Still the Huns bombed London.

A move closer to the scene of action, it was thought, might produce better results, so the Squadron was moved to Mineola. Still Hindenburg refused to be bluffed. It was clear that more desperate measures would have to be adopted, and consequently the outfit went aboard ship and started east.

Considerable German activity was reported the next few days, due doubtless to the extremely rough crossing and the fact that upon arrival at Romsey, England, on March 4, 1918, the Squadron was confined to a so-called rest camp.

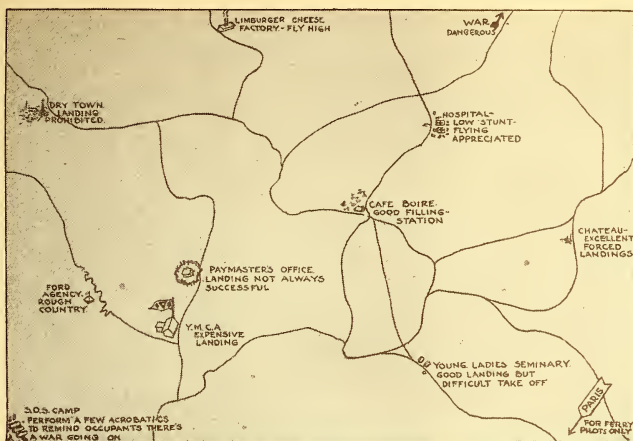
Upon being released and moved up to Montrose, Scotland, the men jumped in to assist the Royal Air Force. Here was work a plenty as well as fine hospitality from the Scotch folk. One or two air raids were made on different parts of England during this time but after the Squadron moved down to West Fenton, Scotland, there is no record of a bomb being dropped in the British Isles.

Still, Paris and the hospitals in France were being bombarded nightly. Orders came to move to France. Not wishing to cause any hard feeling we will omit stating our opinion of the rest camps encountered enroute.

Arrived in Romorantin, August 28, the Squadron fell to work unloading steel rails and lumber with such eagerness and avidity that almost immediately German strategic movements began to result all along the line of the Western Front. It was then decided to give the outfit something to do with aviation again. And see what happened.

September 16th the sound of the guns could be heard at Colombey-les-Belles while the rumors flew thick and fast that some time soon the Squadrons might get an





IDEAL MAP FOR AVIATORS

aeroplane or two. Sure enough in a few days the Q. M. or some one issued out an aerodrome near town and it began to look as if everything might be gotten ready before next apple-blossom time. Then before the pilots and planes could arrive the Huns had thrown up the sponge.

On November 15th came another move to Lay St. Remy and the Fifth Pursuit Group and the biggest surprise of the season, real aeroplanes and pilots. It was "après la guerre" and all that, but what's the use of dropping the briny tear over the upset carnation brand. Henry Clay was to be the new C. O. He was fresh from work with the British Air Force where he had hung up a long string of victories and won the Distinguished Flying Cross. The machines were his old favorites, the British Sopwith "Camel", but were equipped with a French engine.

That's about all. We're doing the same as everyone else now, waiting the last move. Most of our history has been a moving tale at that. Perhaps in the bright lexicon of the War Department "Every Little Movement Has a Meaning All Its Own". So far we've been unable to unravel the secret.

The congregation will now rise and sing from page twenty three of the little red hymnal:

We never got up where the fighting was,
But Lord knows we ached to be there!
In the Zone of Advance there wasn't a chance
To do big things in the air.

However, we feel that we've kept the faith—
Whatever they've asked for we've done.
But it's Hell to be in the Army two years,
With nary a crack at the Hun.



How WE WON THE WAR

TO OUR BRAVE
SOLDIER BOYS -
GIFT OF THE
SALEM SPINSTERS'
SEWING SOCIETY

GEE I'M
BUSTED

COME
AROUND
PAY-DAY

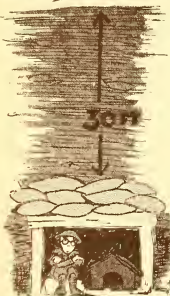
50
CENTS

MILLIONS OF FREE CIGARETTES WERE DISTRIBUTED
TO THE BOYS IN FRANCE (AT VERY REASONABLE PRICES)

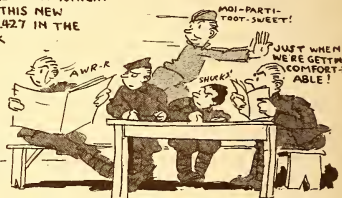
**OFFICIAL
SUNSHINE SMILE**
BEFORE PROCEEDING
OVERSEAS EVERY
Y.M.C.A. WORKER
RECEIVES 6 MONTHS
TRAINING TO PERFECT
THIS BLISS-DISEMI-
NATING CONTENTANCE



WE ALSO HAD
OUR TRAINED
WAR DOGS



BOYS-LET US ALL JOIN TONIGHT
IN LEARNING THIS NEW
HYMN No.427 IN THE
RED BOOK



MOI-PARTI-
TOOT-SWEET!

JUST WHEN
WE'RE GETTING
COMFORT-
ABLE!

THE MEN'S SPIRITUAL NEEDS WERE LOOKED AFTER-
EVEN WHEN THEY WERE TOO BASHFUL TO REQUEST IT

OUR SECRETARIES WERE
FREQUENTLY UNDER FIRE

YOU MUST GET AT LEAST
50 SLICES OUT OF THAT
LOAF, YOU KNOW!

SURELY

CHEESE
SANDWICHES
PLAIN...SO
WITH CHEESE I OOP

I CAN SEE
LIGHT THRU
MINE

CAREFUL YOU
DON'T CUT YOUR
FINGERS ON THE
EDGE!

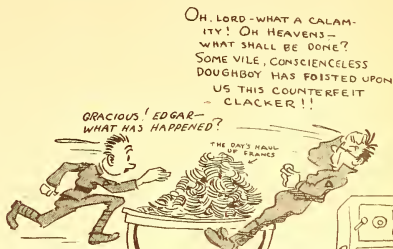
I KNOW
IT'S THERE
BECAUSE I
CAN
SMELL
IT

THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF OUR WORKERS WERE POSITIVE MIRACLES-
WITNESS THE FEEDING OF THE MULTITUDE ON A SINGLE LOAF

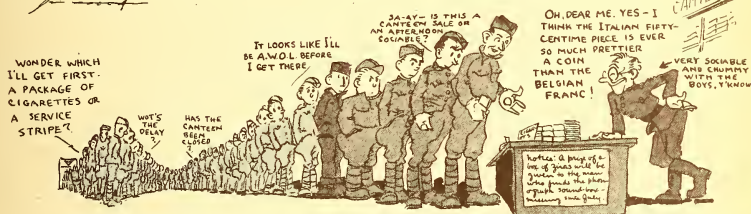
SPECIALLY UN-POSED SNAPSHOTS BY ONE OF THE SEVEN
HUNDRED OFFICIAL WHOOP-ER-UP PROPAGANDA PHOTOGRAPHERS
EMPLOYED IN THE GREAT WAR BY THE Y.M.C.A. PUBLICITY BUREAU



PARTICULARLY SINCE
THE ARMISTICE, OUR
ACTIVITIES HAVE
CHEERED THE MEN UP



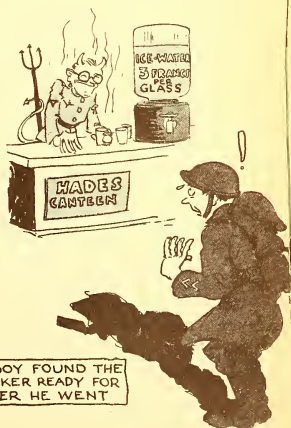
OUR VAST BUSSINESS AFFAIRS WERE MANAGED
WITH SCRUPLOUS ACCURACY



THERE CAN BE NO QUESTION AS TO THE POPULARITY OF THE Y.M.C.A.
— OUR HUTS WERE ALWAYS CROWDED



IN EVERY POSSIBLE WAY WE SPREAD SUNSHINE AMONG
THE HOMESICK SOLDIERS



THE DOUGHBOY FOUND THE
Y.M.C.A. WORKER READY FOR
HIM WHEREVER HE WENT



The 8th Aero Squadron

DURING the hot days of early summer, 1917, there was great confusion among the clerks and ground officers of the Second Company "I", Provisional Aviation Camp, Kelly Field. There was much throwing of ink, pounding of typewriters and swearing behind the portals of the Inner Shrine and when the dust settled on June 21st the 8th Aero Squadron came out on the run, with Captain S. H. Wheeler at the head, and has been going strong ever since. A few weeks spent at equipping the personnel—mixed with plenty of drill and fatigue which was not of the "bunk" variety—and the Squadron moved to Selfridge Field, Mount Clemens, Michigan.

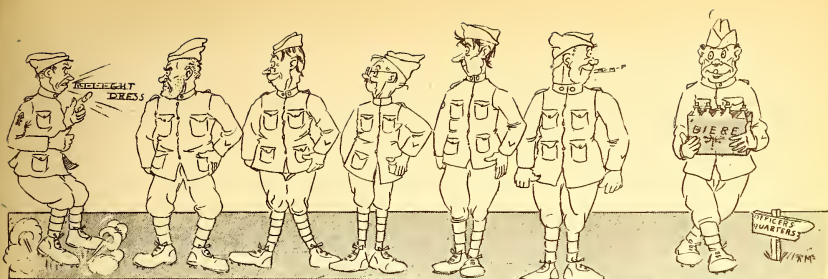
Advanced courses in pickandshovel and other aero activities were indulged in by all at Selfridge until the 27th of October when all hands moved to Garden City, learned a bit about discipline, and boarded the Carpathia, November 22nd, docking at Liverpool, December 8th. At Winnaldown four sections were formed and sent to "schools of destruction" to receive the latest methods of handling the wrench and cold chisel. By May 1st, the sections were re-assembled and sent to France, debarking at Le Havre. Several months were spent at St. Maixent getting camouflaged with moss in Napoléon's old barracks and the latter part of July, the Squadron took up its work in the Zone of Advance at Amanty.

Lieutenant John Gilbert Winant introduced himself as the new flying skipper, Captain Zinn supplied pilots, observers and De Haviland Planes and the Eighth took its place as the second Liberty-equipped squadron on the front.

By the time the boys had worked up courage enough to entrust their linen to the French for washing, the outfit was ordered to the Ourches airdrome to become part of the Fourth Corps Group, attached to the First Division. Active service over the lines commenced immediately and on September 12th and 13th the Group was more than busy with the operations against the St. Mihiel salient. Four pilots were lost in this engagement but word was received later that two were prisoners of the Huns.

At the suggestion of Colonel Lahm two photographic planes were sent out on single missions, with protection, instead of one. On such a trip, made September 25th, a string of pictures covering some forty kilometres was taken.





The Eighth on Parade.

This is one of the longest strips, if not the longest, photographed by an American Observation Squadron on a single mission. One of the duties assigned was to photograph the whole Corps front to a depth of ten kilometres, an area of about six hundred square kilometres. Two of the officers of the squadron were brought down in flames while doing this work. This team, with three others, was attacked by twenty-six Huns, three of whom were shot down. Owing to the shortage of observers at this time three sergeants were put on flying status and did creditable work as aerial observers.

About this time the Eighth moved to the Toul Airdrome where it remained less than a month, going on October 23rd to Saizerais to become part of the Sixth Corps. While at Saizerais, and before the armistice was signed, five officers were lost. One met his end in an accident while the other four were later reported as prisoners in Germany.

Both at Toul and at Saizerais a large number of voluntary bombing missions were carried out. The Squadron was actively engaged on the front two and a half months. The total losses were: eight killed (four in accidents) three injured and six "missing".

Shortly after the signing of the armistice, as a reward for faithful performances, the Powers-That-Be ordered the Squadron to the United States to be demobilized. The news of the orders were greeted with large amounts of joy by the squadron, which at the time was still ignorant of the peculiar and devious ways of demobilization. That was back in the early days just after the armistice, when it was generally believed that orders for home meant "Hoboken toot sweet".

Sad was the awakening! For one dreary morning the squadron climbed out of its box cars and found itself going into camp in a place that was even wetter than Saizerais, which had been supposed to hold all existing records for dampness. This new camp was supposed to be just a temporary waiting place with a transport lurking in the near future.

But the weeks lengthen into months, and still the transport seems to be as far away as ever. And as, the months of waiting pass, the one hope is to be back home before the whole works go dry.





The 354th Aero Squadron

Jan. 28th, 1918. Kelly Field—clan forms of bill board readers from all parts of the country. Labeled 354th Aero Squadron. Someone lies. We train—as dough-boys and ditch-diggers.

Feb. 7th. Quarantine house-party begins—play catching the measles. Someone spreads the germs of an esprit de corps which sticks with us when our money doesn't.

Feb. 21st. Party called off—move to "Kelly Three"—a concentration camp. K. P.s requisitioned to write up reports and other paper work; well men sent to Base Hospital; sick ones put on fatigue.

March 1st. Big day—Squadron receives its first non-coms.

March 21st. Leave Kelly Field for Waco, Texas—usual dough-boy stuff—wigwagging introduced which affords a fine opportunity to make comments on the passing "chickens", *sans leur connaissance*.

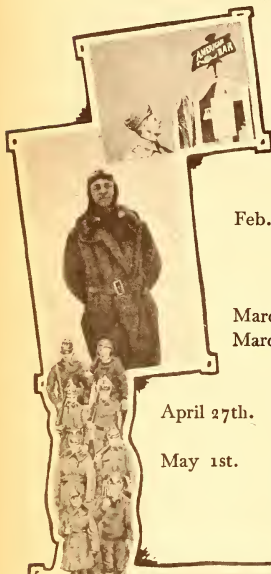
April 27th. Orders to Taliaferro Field, Hicks, Texas—(only town in the state that resembles its name).

May 1st. A real big day—assigned to work on ships—fatigue forgotten for ten days—a few men crash and home papers give the event a column on the front page.

July 9th. Scenes of much packing and looking over love-letters before burning them, for orders for Garden City are on hand.

July 12th. March in column of squads through streets of Buffalo to Y. M. C. A. to take a bath. (Note—this is not the only bath we had while in the army).

July 25th. Garden City—orders for all to remain in camp—it was taken as a sure sign of "going over". This was only a rumor started by some good scout to give us a chance to kiss the girls again.





Aug. 16th.

Orders for overseas—goes on record as being the first day everyone was present in person at reveille.

Nine days later.

Brest—greatly disappointed to find the natives spoke English—first thing we hear is “Hail, Hail, the gang’s all here.”

Toot Sweet (meaning: five days later).

Journey to St. Maixent per Frog special—porkless beans and corned willy freely distributed.

Sept. 4th.

Conglomeration of gas masks, extra clothing, rifles, “Spanish Flu” and crooked streets.

Sept. 16th.

Start for Colombey-les-Belles—first sight of Boche prisoners, who give us the “Ha Ha”. They know they are safe.

Sept. 19th.

Colombey-les-Belles—billeted or chumming with the barnyard fowls—noise of the big guns—ambulances—men moving up—seems as though there must be a war.

Sept. 21st.

Our guess as to a war verified—assigned a C. O. who has been in it—start to work out on ships and the Liberty Motor.

Sept. 30th.

Truck ride to the Autreville airdrome—resolved that a G. M. C. is not an upholstered limousine.

Oct. 21st.

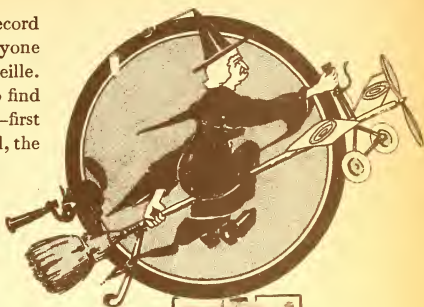
Receive some “Battle Planes”.

Oct. 28th.

Biggest Day—in the war at last—reconnaissance missions for the 92nd Division—further missions carried on with the Artillery and Infantry.

Nov. 11th.

Finis la guerre.



11TH PHOTO-SECTION-AS
BORN

JUNE 1918

FIELD 2, GARDEN CITY L.I.N.Y.
K.P. and other Manoeuvres

UNTIL

AUGUST 7 1918

Half quarters on keel of the

EMPRESS OF RUSSIA

LEARNED FUNNY BUGLE CALL
ALSO

"GANGLAY, GANGLAY, GANGLAY"

A CHINESE SALUTATION

Appointed Committee to
Receive Submarine gifts from his
IMPERIAL HOCHNESS

AUGUST 20 1918

LIVERPOOL

ENCHANTED BY

Cobblestones

Decided to try Southampton

AUGUST 21 1918

SOUTHAMPTON

GLAD TO GET TO

REST CAMP

DITTO TO GET AWAY

AUG 22 '18

Le HAVRE

PACKS

PERSPIRATION

PROTESTATION

PROSTRATION

AUGUST 23 to AUGUST 25

Disposessed

20 CHEVAUX

and rode economically

TO TOURS

AUG. 25 to SEPT 17

TOURS

2ND A.I.C AND VOUVRAY

CHAUFFEURS EXPURGATED

SEPT 18 '18 to SEPT 21 '18
WITH

"40 HOMMES-8 CHEVAUX"

To Colombey

SEPT 22ND TO OCT 23RD

COLOMBEY-LES-BELLES

Belles not at home

"C'EST LA GUERRE"

WIELDED AVIATION WEAPONS
AND IMPROVED CAMP ALSO

Did special work for

THE GENERAL

OCT 23 1918-NOV 11 1918

SAIZERAIS

NOV. 4TH-LABORATORY BURNED

NOV. 11TH-WON WAR

DECLARED ARMISTICE

Found 6th Corps Observation Group

at SAME FIELD

NOV. 11, 1918 TO FEB 17 1919
CHANGED COMMANDERS

Decided not to impose upon

GERMANY

Stayed at SAIZERAIS

Detail at PONT-A-MOUSSON

TOOK PICTURES OF PLACES WHERE
German STRATEGIC movement

FOUND SERVICE CHEVRON

—PAS FINIS—





J.H. Smith

G.H. Hewitt

R. Tucker

L. Mink

J. A. H. H.

R.L. Moore

D. G. H.

R.H. S. H.

Reuel H. H.

J. G. Smith

H. E. Wood

J. A. Johnson

R. C. H.

L. Alexander

H. H.

A. G. Clary

J. P. H.

H. H.

H. H. H.

S. O. H.

C. H. Price

J. F. H.

R. H.

H. J. H.

M. C. H.

H. H.

H. H.

J. H.

J. H.

C. A. H.

H. H.



6th Corps Observation Group

THIS is a tale about the field at Saizerais and its merry mud-larks, the 6th Corps Observation Group.

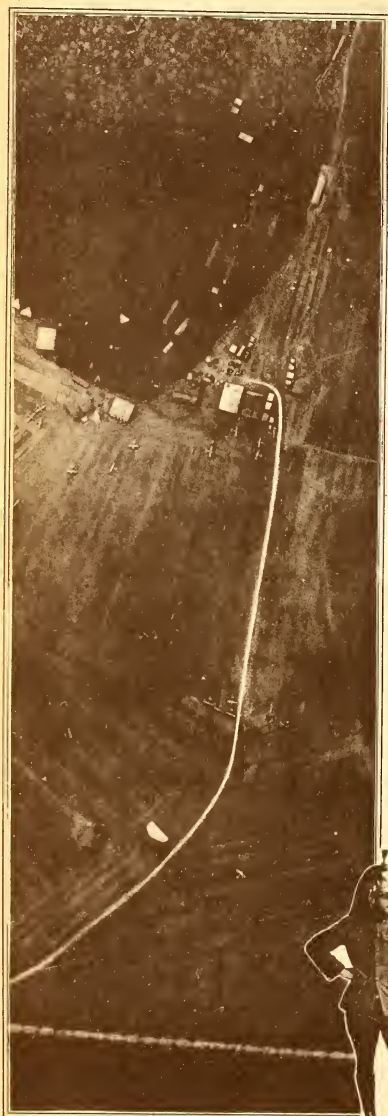
G. H. Q. learned of a small drome that the English and French had been bombed out of and was subsequently condemned by them. So, with its customary alertness and solicitude for its Air Service it grabbed this one for the "Eyes of the Army" and gave us a home, Oct. 23, 1918, in a soft slough of mud. The 8th Aero Squadron's C. O. kindly consented to become an inhabitant thereof and his squadron came up on the 24th, in compliance with authority contained in Par. so and so, et cetera. The 354th also came, arriving from Autreville on the 25th with an adjutant 'n everything.

Then the work began.

Pictures seemed to be the chief hobby of the General and we immediately set out to satisfy what proved to be an insatiable aesthetic sense on the his part. We got the railroad from Pont-à-Mousson to Novéant because he expected to arrive there in a week or two; then we covered ground generally trying to pick out a good town for his billet, etc. We're sure he's got a good collection of our sector from Pont-à-Mousson to Éply. Then there was America's famous "Black Watch", the 92nd Division, which needed daily care. The General was never sure of them, so we had to do daily "contacts" to see that they were still there in the morning and stayed through

the day. One time they put over a push—très petite. We got them advancing through woods and played the part of ministering angel to them, but they came home that night and left there "no moah".

"Archie" had a terrible cold whenever we went over and flaming-onions and M. G. fire were there with Richthofen's Circus but we came thru with but 2 crews being lost and they



Saizerais.



came out of Germany soon after the Armistice. "Priceless" weather maliciously interfered at sundry times much to our regret.

The world's day of days, Nov. 11, found us all up at 11:01 doing reconnaissance. The General received one dropped message which tersely depicted the true state of affairs as far as the air was concerned, *comme ça*, "All serene. Nothing but Liberties above and cows below". That night we somehow had slight inclinations toward libations and entered upon a somewhat prolonged state of ethereal mellowness at Nancy by effecting a successful liason with *vin rouge et blanc*. We returned to the mud with our heads in vrilles and spirals.

Then we were rudely awakened from our dreams by the bane of this man's army, to-wit, that school bell rang again. We found ourselves learning to keep the fingers "extended and joined" and to "hold that pivot". Imagine the reception this got with a lot of those brains of the army—those temperamental creatures known as pilots! But we weathered through and saw the purpose of Squads East and West for when we pulled off three reviews for four of our number who were decorated for work nobly done. Two got the Croix de Guerre (with a kiss) and two others the D. S. C.

Let it be known that the head school master at G. H. Q. finally succumbed to wisdom when he sent some Infantry and Artillery Officers to us to "learn a few things about the air". We didn't mind ragging them in school about a few "Hun" planes they shot at, their nullo wireless out-fits, the mythical liason within their units and a few other pertinent lacks of theirs. Then too our pilots joy-rode a few of the higher-ups and if they didn't get anything out of it we know the Air Service did.

It is rather a bad job to tell a man his shortcomings when your only means of communication with him is an aerial wireless outfit, but when you can get the same man right across the table, all the accumulated thoughts break loose. So when, for once, we had 'em right at hand instead of ten or fifteen thousand feet below us, we made the best of our grand and glorious opportunity.

We continued to live with the mud hoping the *guerre* would soon be fini. Feb. 8th, the 8th Squadron got orders for home and started on its circumvent passage Feb. 13. At this writing it is basking in the Atlantic sunlight while its personnel are undoubtedly playing poker with 2-bit pieces and Jewish flags. The 354th is to be in the 2nd Army Observation Group but has been at Saizerais two weeks, due to mud. Our Major is now comfortably ensconced in the C. O.'s chair of the Toul Airdrome.

So ends the history of the 6th Corps Observation Group.

May the gods be willing that all its members safely survive this land of chemise and manure and side-slip in on a job and a happy landing in the U. S. A.



First Monk: *Why is the zebra looking so sad?*

Second Monk: *He has just heard that they are threatening to take his service stripes away from him.*



Happy Landings

The Second Army's Revue of the War
(And Other Things) As Seen from the Ceiling



EVERY theatrical organization in the A. E. F. admits that it is the best. The 2nd Army Air Service Show, "Happy Landings", having been told so many times by dramatic critics of all degrees of intelligence that it has the most wonderful production this side of Broadway, now modestly takes its seat alongside of all these others who are "without equal". But whatever its real brilliancy in the A. E. F. firmament, it boasts of a unique accomplishment and a flattering success.



Many shows nonchalantly mention their "5,000 franc production"; "Happy Landings" was produced practically without funds. Other productions possess a cast "well known to the professional stage"; "Happy Landings" is made up entirely of amateurs.



The show is termed a "revue of the war as seen from the ceiling". It may be called with more accuracy "a kaleidoscopic conglomeration in fifteen scenes". These scenes (painted on sheets begged from the hospitals around Toul) begin with a debarkation scene at a French port, run through French towns, barracks and Y. M. C. A. huts, with a dash of Egypt and Honolulu, by way of variety, and close with a much-welcomed drop of "44th and Broadway".



To obviate vulgar realism the scenery endeavors to "please, amuse, and mystify" the audience—three guesses as to which it does. Besides the scenery, there are its individual lighting effects, for a complete switchboard, borders, footlights, and spot light, with all colors of the rainbow are carried to further titillate the optics of the spectator and remind him of home and Keith's. Then there are the costumes; they were not made, but born of imagination, ash cans, floor mats (see the Hula-Hula dancer's weeds), and Semitic bickerings on the open market in Nancy.



As no manuscript elevating to the morals of the American soldier was available, nor anything lighter than Chopin's Funeral March to be had in any French music store,—the book, music, lyrics, lines, lies, merry quips and wanton jests, if not original, were at least fearfully and wonderfully thrown together. Gaze on our cubist artist's Camouflage Scene for an accurate idea of the producer's debriac brain while giving birth to this syncopated, satiric, scintillating—well, anyway, the Second

Army Air Service has some show; and if you don't believe it, you ought to see it!



Editor's Note. — The above was written by the press agent of the show. Inasmuch as the said press agent bought the editor a good dinner, his story is allowed to get by.



HAPPY LANDINGS

SUIVEZ MOI

SOMETHIN' DRINK?

TROIS FRANCES

NOT SO VOISE

OOH-LA-LA

FROG I

JAZZ JOHNSON

FROG II

PTE. MURPHY

LT. USELESS

SGT. EISENBAUM

MADGLOM

"TAKA DA LEEETLE HOUSE
OFFA ONE HOLE--AN PUT IT
ON ANODDA HOLE--"

APACHE
STUFF--
LILY AND
ARTHUR

YOU'LL FIND
AN ADORABLE
OPENING NUM-
BER FOR OUR
MINSTREL SHOW
IN OUR
HYMNAL "

"AND NOW
THERE ARE
FOUR!

MURPHY'S DREAM

LA MADELON /
DE LA VICTOIRE

DE LA
VICTOIRE

ECHO

← A
SUDDEN
CHANGE →

YES
LOOTENANT

HOW INSPIRING
TO THINK I'M
HELPING SAVE
DEMOCRACY!

THE ARMY-
PAPER-WORK,
THE I.D.P.,
THE INTERIOR
GUARD DUTY,
THE MANUAL
OF COURTS
MARTIAL

—AND THUS
EXITS
THE ASS!

S. O. S.

MY RO-HO-ZAREE-E-EE

EX-LIEUT.

EX-MISS-
SERGEANT

EX-PVT.
MURPHY

EX-M.P.

MISS U.S.A.

EX-SGT.
EISENBAUM

YOU
SPEAK
ENG-
LISH!



Second Army Air Service Athletics



THERE is so much athletic activity among the aviators of the Second Army that it is no easy matter to recount in a few words.

Each squadron and group of course has games and exercises going on continually which are sometimes distinctive of that particular organization, but there are several forms of athletic amusement which can be found at all times in any Air Service centre.

First in popularity is the ancient and honorable game of "Indian Golf", sometimes called "Gallop Dominoes" and known by the savages in Africa as "Sebeneleben". Participants in this form of athletics keep in fair condition for there is never a game that someone does not get up a sweat.

Next in the hearts of the Air Service men comes the time aged game of "Hit me and take it" more commonly spoken of as "Black Jack" or "21". This game also leads to putting the men in shape and there are few who do not come out "clean" in body, soul and pocket.

Whereas few of the flying fields are equipped with running tracks, the pilots and observers manage to keep in trim with sprints to the mess halls at one minute before the doors are opened, and the longer distance men are kept busy running out to the field to see some fellow land in the mud and turn over.

Every organization has it's "Mexican Athlete" and these toreadors put out the "T" and exercise their prowess daily, much to the discomfort of their fellow squadron mates.

Then we have the dancing specialist. And we defy any other large unit to produce a bunch of twisters and feet crushers that can compare to some teams we have. Time and time again have they swept the floor clean and the larger the floor the more at ease are they, for, being aviators they need a large field to "take off" on, and to land in.

If there are any "bunk crushers" in the A.E.F. that can hold a candle to our specialists, let's hear about 'em. We believe that one of our men holds the world's championship long distance sleeping and snoring record and before he went to sleep last he remarked "If I ever wake up I'll challenge the world".





Our indoor fliers are unbeatable in our estimation and their lung development is remarkable.

Skating is popular even in the warm weather, and "cognac wrestling" and "vin blanc fighting" are two arts that the sky men excel in.

They may not be boxers but regardless of the booze's punch they are always willing to fight it. In fact, after three drinks of "Eau de vie" some of our men have been known to fight the world.

Scores of the aviators play "Infantry Liaison". This game is more easily recognized under the name of "Where am I" and "What do I do next". The Infantry always loses.

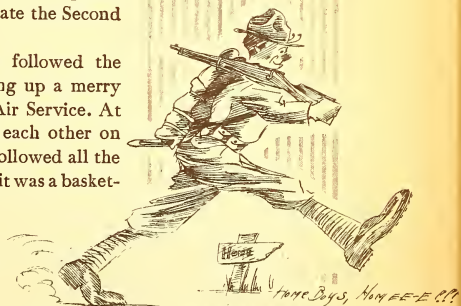
As for prizes there is hardly a member who cannot boast of at least one month's confinement for playing tag with the trees and raising the blood pressure of patients at the various hospitals.

Here the game consisted of trying to scratch the paint off the hospital roof with your landing gear and then coming around in person that evening to tell the nurses about it.

In addition to all these games of skill and strength, it must also be chronicled that the men of the Air Service participated in some of the old fashioned games like football, basketball, and baseball. Football held the center of the stage during a good part of the winter, with the Second Army football team, composed mostly of Air Service men, out after the titular honors of the A. E. F. The team was very careful about its goal line, allowing its opponents to make tracks over it only once in the three games that were played. But unfortunately the same caution was displayed in the vicinity of the opponents' goal, with the result that scores of any sort were very rare, and just one little drop kick from the toe of an opponent, was enough to eliminate the Second Army team from the championship race.

A considerable number of basketball teams followed the football team across the center of the stage, putting up a merry scrap for the championship of the Second Army Air Service. At the same time the boxers were merrily hammering each other on frequent occasions, and it is reported by fans who followed all the games that it was sometimes difficult to tell whether it was a basketball game or a boxing match that was going on.

Now, with spring coming on, the condition of the airdromes leads to the suggestion of water polo as the next sport on the program. For whatever the weather, the Air Service must play. We want to keep in trim at all times, and it is the consensus of opinion that if the Second Army Air Service can get home by 1928 the folks will find the min the pink of condition.





With the 13th Photo Section in France

Toul, France, February 12, 1919.

FRIEND Al: Well old Pal your letter has finally caught up with me and Al when I read it I sed Har Har to myself because of what you sed about wandering what we did to outwit the Huns.

Al they aint a dout about there being some reel herose in the section cause some heroick actions was in evidents in the battle of Tours and of Vouvray and fellas who can buffalo the Vin sisters like the 13 th men auto wear something besides a craw de gare.

Well Al the minnit we came up into the Zoan of Advance the Jerrys found it out and seen the handwritin on the wall. Al they sent some plains over Colombey where we was and dropped some G. I. cans (thats slang for ariel bums) on the flying field. They was 10 of them Al and while they lit in an open field they was three days gettin the section together again.

However on the 9th of November we moved up to Toul where we was to be attached to 2nd Army Hedquatters. Well next day Kaiser Wilhelm slaps Hindy on the back and sez Ginral Hindendburg guess we might as well quit while theres yet time. They had the right dope eh Al?

Al youve saw the papers and you know that they quit fightin before we got to do anything to em really. Of course weve blowed considerable about the pitures we was gettin ready to take but just between youn me Al we was kinda glad it was over and we could go to bed thout our pants on again like back in the S. O. S. They was an awful lotta sufferin acct this war.

Joeking to 1 side Al we was ready to go home but the officers in the 2nd Army had to have someone to do there picture finishin of there kodaks of nurses and barb wire and ruins and et cetra so Al they kep us here to do that. Then Al they got an idea and sent us up to photo the Hindendburg lines from St. Mihiel to Pont-à-Mousson.

Well Al we hawled our photo Laura and stuff up near St. Mihiel and started lite house keepin in a old German dugout named Verbandplatz Al thats dutch for dressing station. Im a long sufferin soldier Al but I seen some hard life them few weeks. I slep on a little bunk made fer some





sawedoff dutchman about five feet long and Al the wire slattin made some awful niftick designs on my back and hips. The Boche fleas which was in the dugout used to have lots of fun playing cricket and football on those wire marks on me.

Al the funniest thing there was breakfast. The cook made pancakes on a old German rifle shield and one minnit youd be layin in bed and 2 minnits later youd be eating flapjacks—thout washin first nor nuthin.

Well Al besides shooting off beaucoup hand grenades and flares and parashoot rockets et cetra et cetra we took a lotta pictures of everything that Fritz had from pill boxes to—well youv read the magazines Al and you know what all they had.

Well Al heres hoping I dont have to cut no more grass around Gen. Pikes grave up in the cemetery at Madison Bks N. Y. nor sweep the dust offn Lake Ontario any more. You know me Al im just a big home lovin country boy and Ill be durn glad to get back to where they talk united States and they aint no more pa compree. Until then.

Au Revoir (that means good bye Al)

Your pal Jack.



How to "Take" a Trench

By "Snap", the Photographer.

I have often heard tell how the men went thru hell

In order to capture a trench.

But just let me say that I have a new way

That is not used by Yankees or French.

If the Boche you would kill 'em, just load up with film,

And take lots of (flash) powder too.

If the Hun you would trap, you will find it's a "Snap"

To capture a prisoner or two.



If his flank you'd envelope, your attack you "develop"

By subjecting him to "exposure".

Though a bayonet sticks 'em, plain Hypo will "fix" 'em

A prisoner in your enclosure.





The 223rd Aero Squadron

Formerly 223rd Air Park

Picked from a pile of sunburned rookies in the state of Texas, sifted to one hundred and fifty men and arranged into two straight lines, we were named the Two Hundred and Twenty-third Aero Squadron. Our first lessons in Aviation were given among the clouds—formed by flying sand—at Kelly Field. The lessons were regular. Rain or shine, we could be found on the flying field with picks and shovels. A few months of this and we were sent to an advanced training station at Waco, Texas, where the methods of instruction were about the same, with an additional course in rock-splitting.

Then we won our way to the airplanes and, for a few months, led a fast life chasing stray ships about the field. When we were deemed fit to fight we were moved to Garden City.

While waiting for our ships, in order to make life easier for us, we were permitted to take long strolls through the neighboring country studying the ways of the Doughboy. To make it more realistic we carried packs along and did ten or twelve miles at attention. In a month we had mastered our subject and when our ship came in we were not sorry to go aboard.

Our voyage was a very pleasant one. Some of the boys slept on the top deck insisting that the quality of air was purer there, but their precautions were unnecessary for no submarines were encountered.

We docked at Brest and, after a delightful march of ten kilometres, our good old packs were unslung at Pontanezen Barracks. These barracks might have been considered luxurious in Napoleon's day but our beds were very near the floor and the floor seemed unusually hard to the modern warriors of the 223rd.



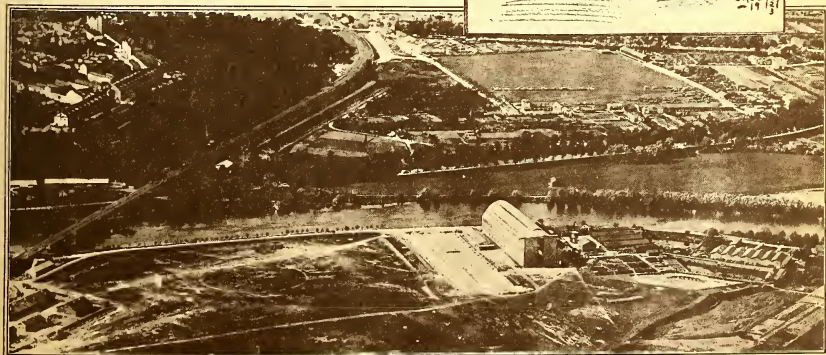


"Sometimes they get away with it"

The next stop was Colombey-les-Belles. It was there that we had our first taste of the enemy whom we had heard so much about. One evening about supper time Fritz appeared and, opening his tail-gate, dumped out ten G. I. cans, giving our discipline a severe test. When the dust settled men were found behind doors, under tables, in trenches and ditches, while others were AWOL. However, Reveille found all present but many carrying a tired look and covered with mud. We were just beginning to like air raids when the signing of the Armistice denied us forever the pleasure of leaving a warm bed to sit for a few hours in a trench.

Shortly after the last shot had been fired we moved to our present home, which is a French balloon hangar on the bank of the Moselle opposite the old city of Toul. The chief pastime now is demounting and erecting hangars wherever a place can be found that is muddy enough.

Just recently another great change has come to the 223rd. Orders from headquarters say that we are not to be known as the "223rd Air Park" any longer, but as the "223rd Aero Squadron." So now we are a real aero squadron at last, thus realizing all of our fondest ambitions. Of course, we have no aeroplanes or pilots, and some of the other unimportant properties that usually are issued to aero squadrons have not been forthcoming to the 223rd, but we do have several flying Fords which are used by officers from A. S. headquarters to earn their flying pay, and it is believed likely that if there is ever another war, we may get even the aeroplanes that we've been wishing for.





THE AVIATOR

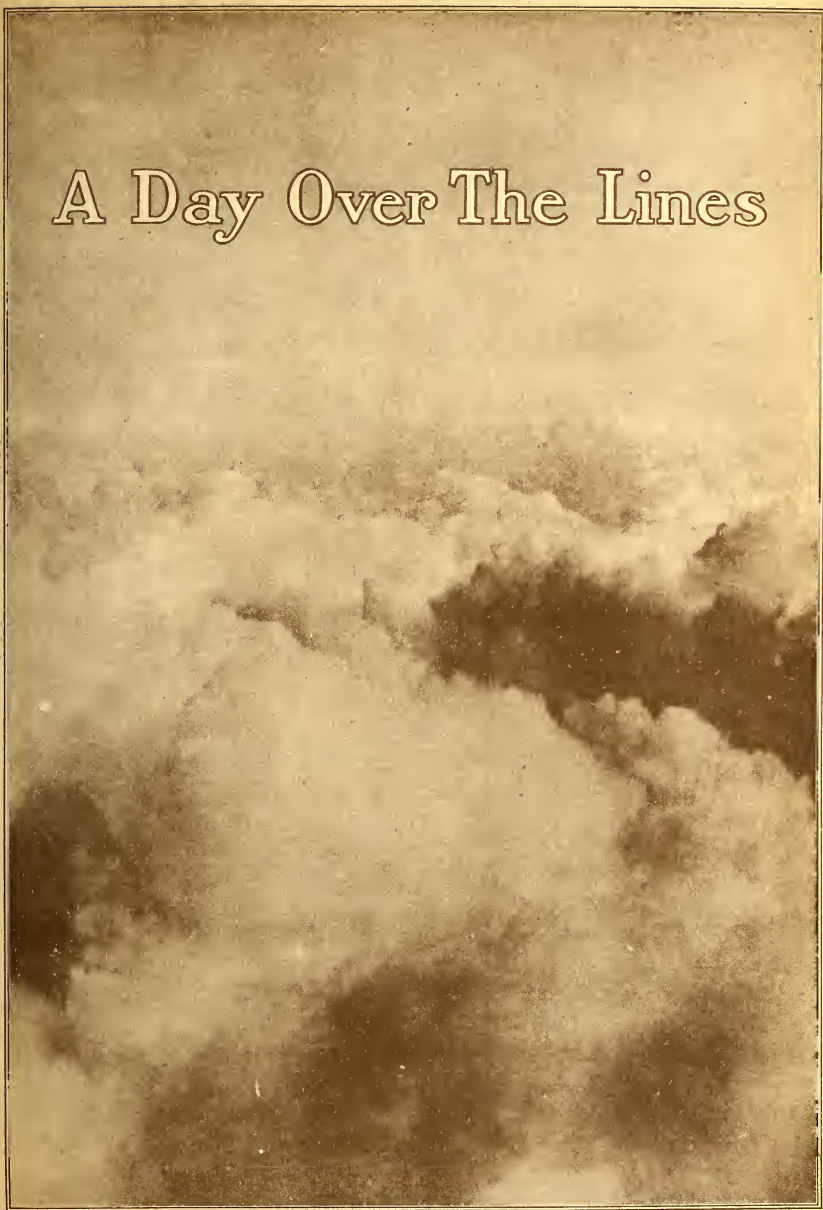
*Oh, I clamber up high to the vault of the sky
Far above all the muck of the trenches,
Far above the quick ire of the Maxim gun fire
Far above all the reek and the stench.
There's a puff from below in the lines of the foe
Where a gunner is seeking to harm me,
But I drop and I rise from his shells in the skies
And I still am the eye of the army.*

*For it's my job to learn every sally and turn
Of the enemy right when they make it.
I'm a sentry whose care is a post high in air
And it isn't for me to forsake it.
So I duck and I skip and I dodge and I dip
From the aeroplane shells that would mar me,
While the gunner with zest does his Sunday School Best
To put out the the eye of the army.*

*Now there isn't much chance for the ancient romance
In these days of mechanical slaughter
When we shed human blood in a horrible flood
On the face of the land and the water.
But I am not bound by the soldier's dull round
For in war's mighty drama they star me,
And it's still a great game full of glory and fame
For the venturesome eye of the army!*

BERTON BRALEY,

A Day Over The Lines



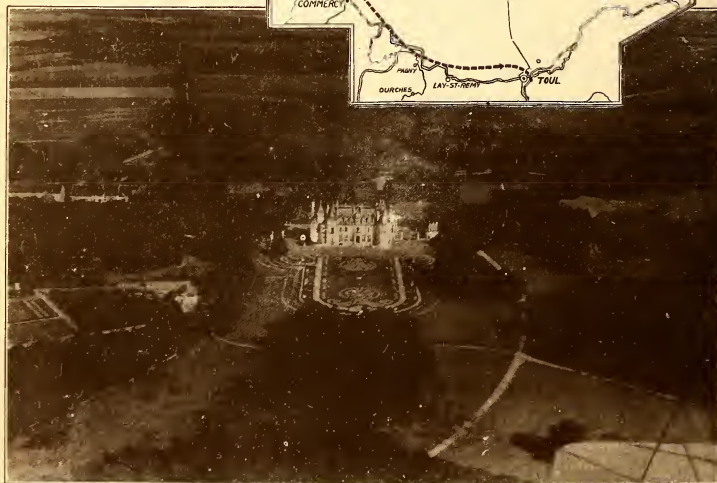
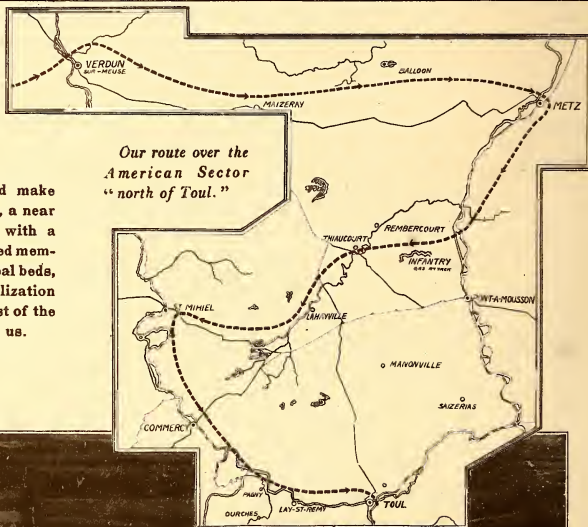
AIR SERVICE A. E. F. RECONNAISSANCE REPORT

Obs. Squadron N° _____ Station _____ Date October 23/18
 Airplane { Type D.H. 4 Time out 7²⁰ A. Reconnaissance
 { N° 10 Time in 9⁰⁰ B. Artillery cooperation
 Motor { Type Liberty Max. Altitude 6000 meters C. Infantry liaison
 { N° 2742 Mission Photog. + Recon. D. Photography
 Pilot _____ Weather Clear with Clouds E. Observations
 Observer _____ F. Miscellaneous

3851

We take off and make for the rendezvous, a near by chateau, were with a sigh at the awakened memories of dinners, real beds, bathtubs and civilization we wait for the rest of the formation to meet us.

Our route over the American Sector "north of Toul."

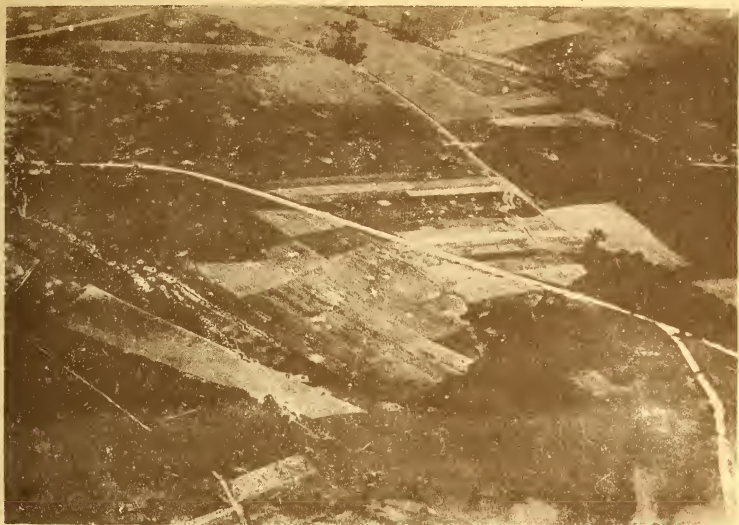




Our partners are arriving. One by one they wave to us that everything is all right and the formation gets together. We are off to work with one last look back "home".



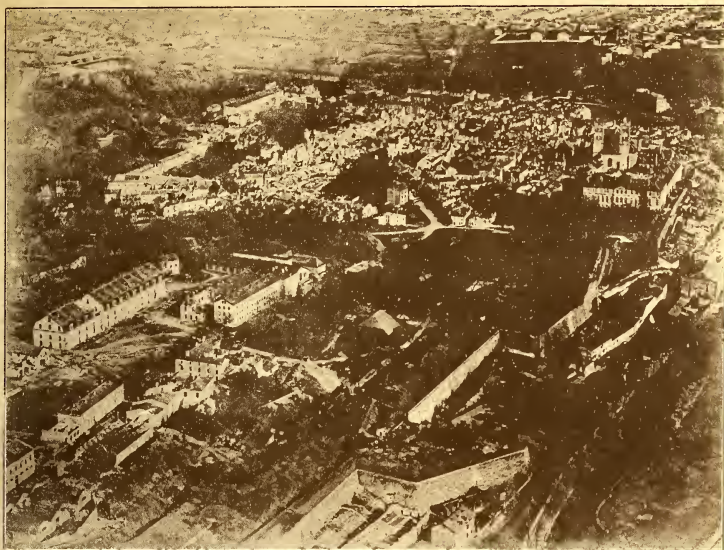
A hospital is off to the left with its huge cross on the ground at one side. It must be a queer sort of human being who could drop his bombs on a place like that.



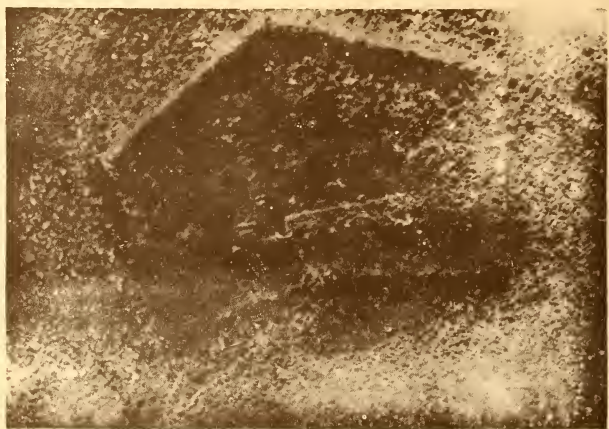
We are coming closer to the lines now. Shell craters begin to spot the fields and line the roads and trenches while here and there from some battered village the roofless homes lie gaping and empty.



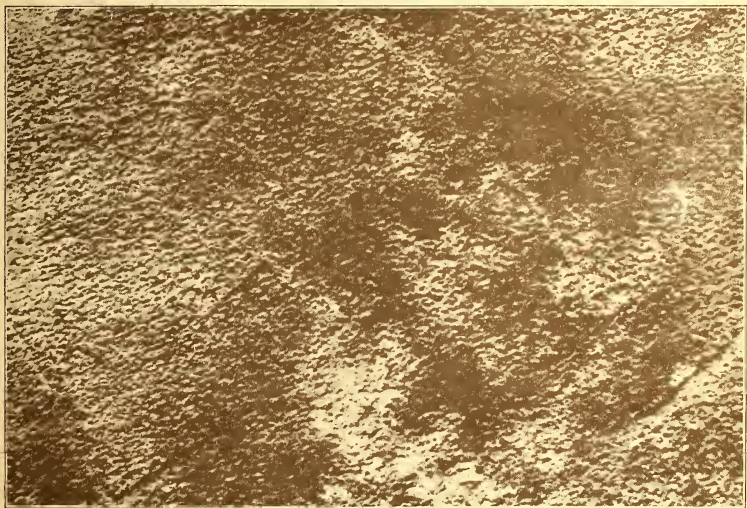
Past the edge of a cloud to the left lies Deads Man's Hill, a heap of rotting bones and muddy shell torn trenches. Not a tree or a blade of grass remain, but somehow the infantry manage to hang on to it.



Verdun. "Ils ne passeront pas". Shell shattered and torn, but still French, though more than half a million German lives were bid for it. Off to the south a formation of bombers are making over a bank of clouds to their target.



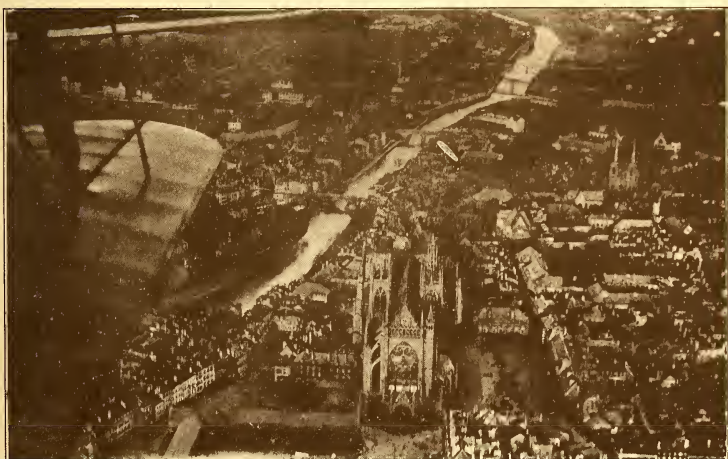
Fort Douaumont, which with Fort Vaux bore the brunt of the attack on Verdun. The pictures show it successively in 1914, after the first attack, and as it is now, with its massive concrete wall reduced to rubbish but still held by the pollu.



Amid the great scar of the battle of Verdun are many murky spots which once were peaceful villages. Their only means of identification now are the lighter streaks in the shell churned mud from the pulverized stone of the roads and village square.



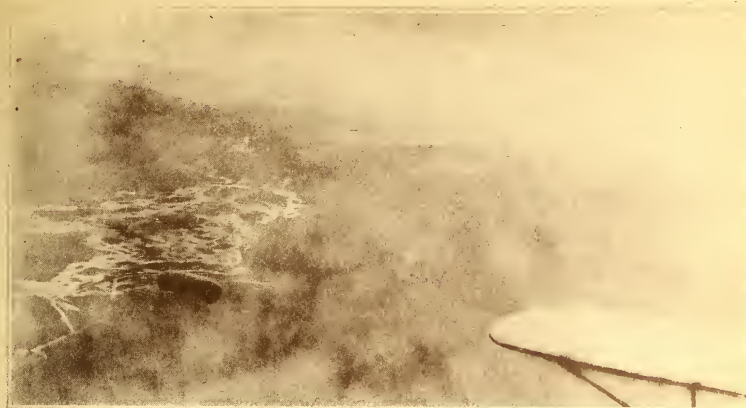
Maizeray, a shelled town behind the German lines, where we watch for movements of enemy troops or transport between the lines and the bases farther back so that headquarters may know what old Jerry is going to do.



We are now over Metz, and while the observer watches for activity on the railroads and about the dumps, we come down so low that you may plainly see the people in the streets and beautiful old cathedral that one day soon will belong to France once more.



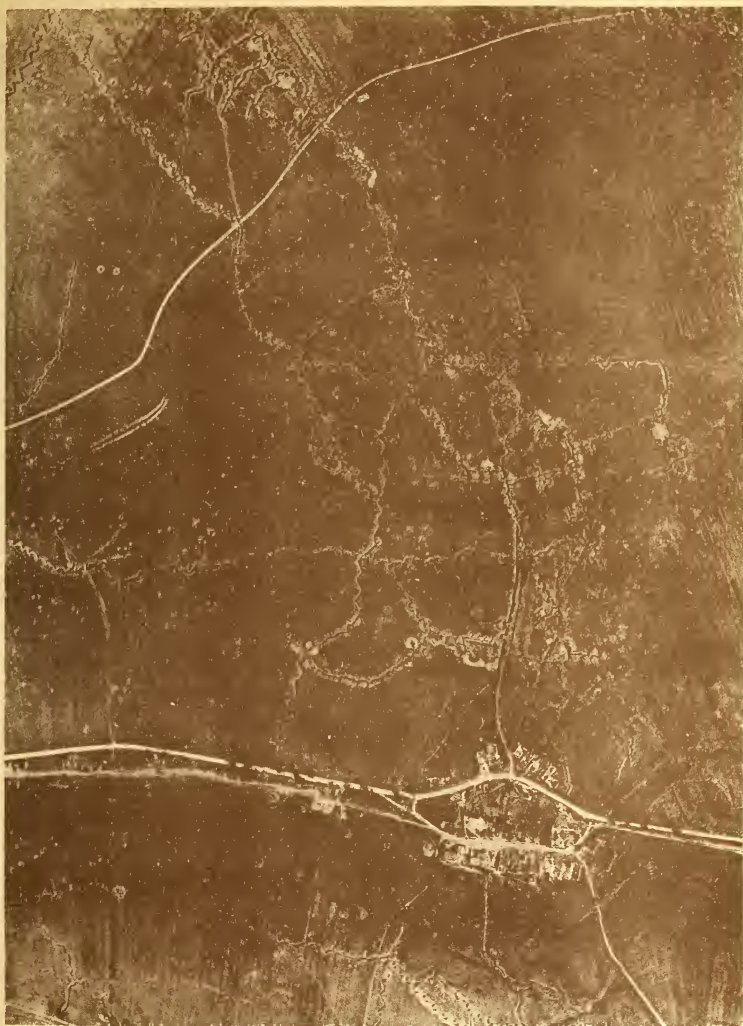
We hurry back to the south now towards Pont-à-Mousson, where we find the infantry going over the top behind the smoke and dust of their barrage in the shell torn No Man's Land.



Within the enemy's lines now, a German balloon falls prey to our planes. As the balloon bursts into flames the observer jumps in his parachute and the strong wind drags him along the ground before he can release himself.



Thiaucourt; once a thriving town and a main base for the Saint-Mihiel salient and one of the few points where the Hun was able to make much resistance to the advance. But he couldn't hold 'em, so he shelled it to pieces after the Dough-boys took it.



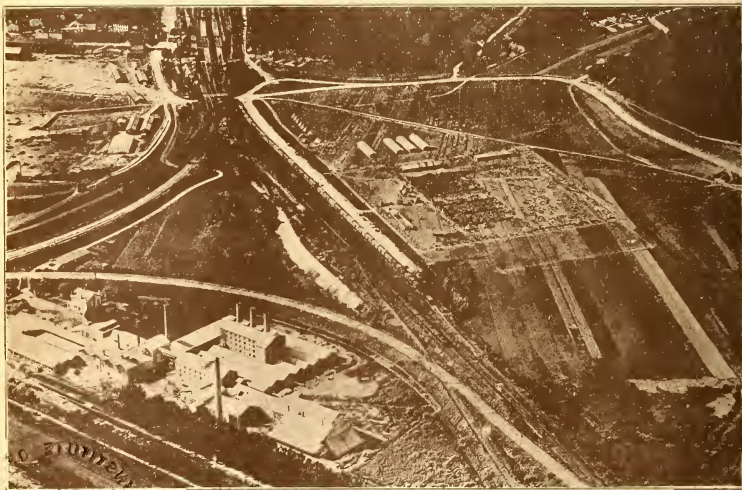
Lahayville now lies below us in No Man's Land with the American trenches on one side and the German on the other. The system of trenches is quite plain, with saps leading out into No Man's Land, firing trenches, main front lines, communication, etc.



Safely back behind our own lines now we pass Fort des Romaines, which formerly held the tip of the salient for the Huns, with the town of Saint-Mihiel over to the right now far back out of range of the German artillery.



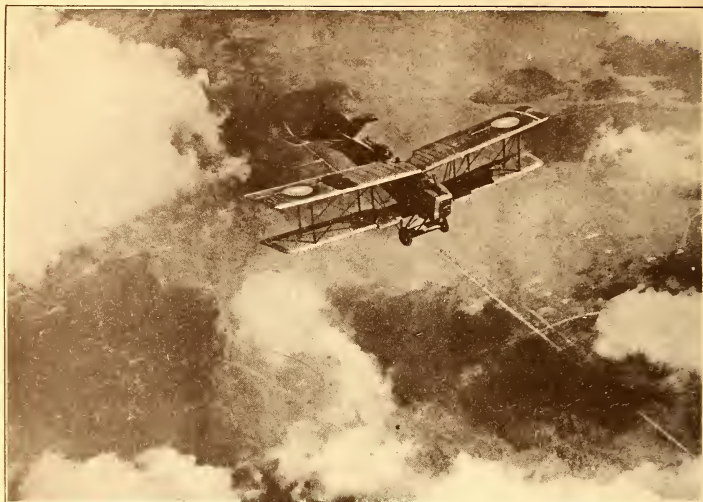
Coming back towards Toul now, we note one of the numerous great forts built on the hilltops guarding Second Army Headquarters there. As we pass Toul aerodrome we meet someone else up taking the air. We will have a look at Toul and then go home.



Toul now lies belows, a tight walled city with the tons of necessary supplies piled in the outskirts. A few kilometres outside the city is Pagny prison cage, packed with Huns taken in the last push.

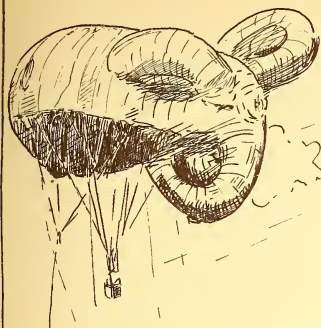


A captured German mosaic photograph of Colombey-les-Belles. Taken just before the raids made on the First American Air Depot there in October 1918.



A French Breguet, framed by fragments of clouds, passes by. Its bomb racks empty, it is returning from a mission "somewhere in Hunland".

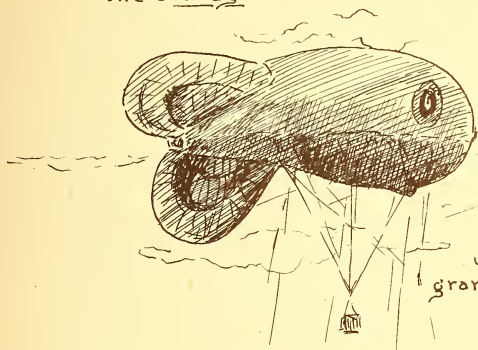
The Balloon Beautiful



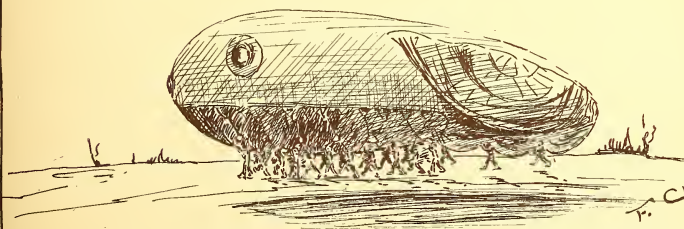
An observation balloon
combines the subtle grace
of the Elephant



and the classic curves of
the Sausage



with the majestic
grandeur of the
Sun-fish



and the serpentine splendor of the Caterpillar.

T. Cross
19
44th Balloon Co.



Headquarters Detachment 9th Corps Balloon Group

Any history written on the activities of this organization must necessarily be short and very dry; much like our favorite drink—triple sec. Its personnel are brave men and true but, like thousands of other B. M. and T., they never got within sight of the front until things were all over. Perhaps the Boche heard they were coming!

Undaunted by the capitulation of the Germans, they volunteered one and all to enter the Zone of Advance and form a Headquarters Detachment for the Ninth Corps Balloon Group. Their cooks are still eating at a strange mess, the winchdriver is doing bunk fatigue and the chauffeurs never did get the Cadillacs they were promised, but they are holding their own.

The Organization was completed and started for St. Mihiel December 24th, where they found the Twenty-fourth, Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth Balloon Companies already in the neighborhood and enjoying life immensely. So, all there was to do was to find billets and settle down.

Early in January a Corps School for Observers was started in order to keep anyone from thinking too much of Home and Mother. Since then the chief occupations have been changing officers, keeping warm, and hunting leaves to Nice.

Thus the romantic history of this organization goes to press.





The 24th Balloon Company

PERHAPS you have heard of us as the "Fifty Angels of Hell", the name we were afflicted with at our birth. We were conceived in Omaha, and in September 1917 were sent to a sister station, Fortress Monroe, where the railroads kept plenty of cars on hand to be unloaded, and gassing balloons was the cure for barracks sociability.

We alighted at Fortress Monroe quite radiant for we thought we were to occupy the permanent barracks there. They must have been considered too good for us for we were marched out a mile and halted. The Major pointed to a tract covered with brush and briars, saying, "Here's your camp, boys". Thus our dream of steam-heated quarters blew up.

Soon after the first fifty arrived at Fortress Monroe a carload of new officers dropped in from Omaha where they had passed with high honors, and by the end of February the enlisted personnel had reached its full strength of two hundred men.

After many weeks the order came to turn in our fatigue clothes. This was gratifying, for at last the Government had realized that its efforts to make us a Labor Battalion had failed. Also, it must be a sure indication of going overseas. Two weeks passed, with no signs of packing up; something must be wrong, probably misplaced orders. However, on March 23rd, 1918, the Company left Old Point Comfort.

On June 29th, 1918 we shipped for duty overseas. Our ocean trip of two weeks is worthy of mention because of the absence of submarine scares. We docked at Brest. (Read other histories for description.)

Randanne, France (not on the map) was our next destination. Memories of the train-ride there make us shudder for we still have the trip from Northern France to the coast to make when "Der Tag" arrives. We spent three months at Randanne training with artillery and becoming acquainted with the divine sisters, Mlle. Vin Blanc and Mlle. Vin Rouge. We managed to break away from these charming young ladies and were ordered to the front just three days before the Armistice was signed.

We were under command of Captain Henry C. White until he was relieved and placed in charge of the Balloon Group of the Sixth Army Corps. And now under the command of Lieutenant Kenneth P. Hill, we idle away our time with the routine of Company duty, still nursing our balloon and the hope that orders to embark for home will come "toot sweet".



The 25th Balloon Company

DOUBTLESS you remember having heard a peculiarly busy buzzing of the wires between Washington and Fort Sill along about the sixteenth of February, 1918. Yes? Well, here's the secret. That day special, general and a dozen other different varieties of orders were flying about like waste paper in a wind storm. The result was that before evening Uncle Sam was the proud father of a brand new sparkling balloon company, the twenty-fifth.

We've been going strong ever since, a regular whirlwind, except for the fact that about nine months out of the twelve of our gay young life have been spent at waiting to get from one place to the other. We've fought—oh yes—sandstorms and taxi drivers at home, cooties here in France, but nary a whack at the Hun.

We joined the army to do something or other with a balloon. But we know what we're fated for now all right, and believe me, we've had some training at it too. So, when we get home, if any of you happen to be still alive, and you should go out to dine some night, when the old greybearded flat-foot with the napkin over his arm tells you "The fish is extra fine tonight, sir"—well, look him over. The chances are that he used to be one of the old twenty-fifth balloon waiters.

Let us pass quietly by the first chapter of our history, the terrific strain of intensive training, the squads east and westing, the pick and shoveling. Let us only mention in passing the slight delay at the port of embarkation, a mere matter of waiting of one hundred and six days till they found a ship for us, while we dramatized the I. D. R.

We will leave it up to you to draw your own conclusions about our internment in the Rest Camp when we arrived at Brest. I took us a week to escape. Then we burned the air at an average speed of nearly three kilometers every few hours behind a large brass bound French locomotive.

We got as far as a place named La Courtine, and the engineer went off some place to pick daisies, the conductor lay down under a large shade tree for his afternoon snooze and the locomotive expired with a plaintive sigh. So, there we stuck and stuck and stuck. That was in July, 1918, as nearly as anyone can remember.





July passed, August came. The Yanks were getting into action all along the line now. It would only be a matter of a few days till we too would be up where the fighting was. Meanwhile, we did liaison work with eight or ten artillery units as they came, completed their training and left for the great war. August passed, still we stayed. September came. Restez ici. September passed. Toujours la même chose. October came.—We were beginning to forget almost, that there was a war, except for what we saw in the papers.



October passed and November came. The blooming war ended. Then, we began to get some action.

We moved to Hattonchâtel, up in the old St. Mihiel sector. Here we settled down on the nearest thing to the front that could be found, an old German camp. Incidentally, while here, we hung up a new A. E. F. record, i. e. while doing a manoeuver with the 28th division, we moved the balloon over thirty two kilometers of trenches, wire entanglements, woods and shelled villages, bedded her down and were ready for action in four hours and thirty minutes.

Later we moved to Villers-le-Sec. Now we are back at our old job of running a balloon school, hoping that they won't be a hundred and six days finding our boat again.

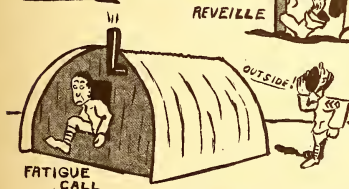
BUGLE CALLS—



FIRST CALL



REVEILLE



FATIGUE CALL



OUTSIDE



ASSEMBLY



SICK CALL



MESS CALL

PAY CALL



CALL TO QUARTERS



TATTOO



TAPS



The 26th Balloon Company

THE 26th is an offspring of old Co. A., the daddy of all Uncle Sam's balloon companies. It was born on February 19, 1918, at Lawton, Oklahoma, but it was not until April 2nd that it was christened the 26th.

Although we just missed April 1st by one day we would have been no joke for Kaiser Bill if we had gotten into action against him. We fought the battles of Lawton and Morrison, Virginia. Now and then detachments which were sent to Oklahoma City returned with wild tales of secret encounters with John Barleycorn. Some still bore the marks of battle on return but quickly convalesced when called before the C. O. Even at staid Post Field some of the gullible ones were badly scorched by red hot rumors, but if ever you see any of our boys burnt about the hands and face, gentle reader, you will know it was not from these rumors. For while our balloon was being housed it blew up, burning thirty-two men, sixteen of them severely.

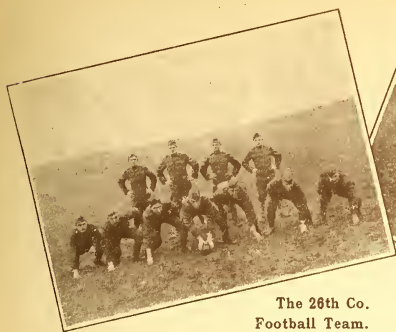
We were well seasoned long before we left for France on the "Aeolus" which was on July 9th. The eleventh day at sea someone shouted, "Shore!" Those who could raise their heads above the rail did so and beheld Brest. Brest was the (censored).

On -August 3rd we went to the U. S. Balloon School at Bordeaux. Bordeaux is a real place—a regular second Paris. If you doubt it ask some of the Beaux Brummels of the outfit. We were there until November 12th, training observers, handling never less than two balloons at a time, running the post transportation, doing Bordeaux and being done.

The signing of the Armistice on November 11th was accepted with and without rejoicing—first without and then with. Time was given to recover before we proceeded to Vigneulles where everyone stocked up on German hardware from Boche skulls to Luger pistols. My gawd, what tales our grand-children will hear!



A Close Observer.



The 26th Co.
Football Team.



Officers
of the 26th.

We remained in the swamps at Vigneulles long enough for even the prohibitionist members of the outfit to sprout fins and grow scales before we were moved to Issoncourt, where once more we ran a school for observers.

During the time which was not devoted to nursing the balloon, we managed to put out a football team that made a record to be proud of, even in competition with teams which represented the pick of a whole division. We won six games and tied two, losing only when we ran into the heavy eleven of the 33rd Division. The 33rd team was one of the strongest in the entire A. E. F., and managed to keep on winning all through its schedule until it got close to the A. E. F. championship. At that, when it met our lightweight team on the ice covered field at Ettlebrout, Luxembourg, it won by only a single score, although five of our regulars were out of action in the second half. So we're rather proud of our football team.

A word to our folks at home. The Twentieth Century is still young. The best that we can hope for is that we may be home before it is well along in years.



"Yes, it hit the 26th, too"

*When your back is broke and your eye is blurred,
And your shin bones knock, and your tongue is furred,
And your tonsils squeak and your hair gets dry,
And you're dog-gone sure you are going to die.
But you're scared you won't and afraid you will,
And you shake the walls when you get a chill,
And you pray to the Lord to see you through—
Then you've got the flu, boy,*

You've got the flu.

By one who knows.

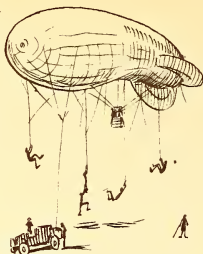


Lieut. Bird, A. S.: "Step aside, men, and let me up there, you should always leave such jobs for the eyes of the Army".



WHILE DETAILS ARE
AFTER WORD, DIGGING
DITCHES, CHASING
THE PARACHUTE,
DOING K.P. ETC.,
THE REMAINING
DETAIL

HAULS
DOWN



↑ "HER BOY IN BLUE" ↑
AS SHE IMAGINES AS HE AM



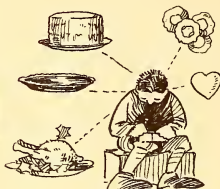
TO THE LAND OF DREAMS



ANOTHER USE OF A CUP
OF COFFEE
(ADD SOAP)



THE AMERICAN THING MEET
THE DIVING SISTERS



XMAS IN FRANCE
THE XMAS PACKAGE FROM
HOME ARRIVES



KNOW EM?



NEWS NOTE - AMERICAN GIRLS ARE WORRYING BECAUSE THE
BEAUTIFUL FRENCH MADAMESELLES WILL STEAL THEIR DRESSMAKERS.
HOPE THE PICTURE SHE MADAMESELLES IN OUR VICINITY



-ADV.



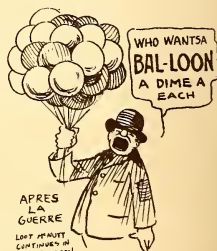
A ROOM WITH A BATH



A FRENCH VILLAGE AT NIGHT



PICTURE OF A BIRD RUSHING
TO SICK CALL IN TIME TO BE
MARKED QUARTERS BECAUSE HIS
RHEUMATISM IS SO BAD HE CAN
HARDLY WALK



APRES
LA
GUERRE

LOOT MUST
CONTINUE IN
THE BALLOON
BUSINESS

HARLAN THORPE
24 DEC 1918
R.E.P.

X X X X X X X
A SECRET CODE USED FROM HIM TO HER
AND FROM HER TO HIM

HISTORY OF THE THIRTEENTH BALLOON COMPANY.

1/21/18.



SKELETON COMPANY ORGANIZED AT
PORT OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

7/21/18.



AT BREST (ON JOB)

DEBARKED AT BREAST, FRANCE, AND UN-
LOADED SHIP.

3/11/18.



BROUGHT UP TO FULL STRENGTH.

7/24/18.
7/26/18.



GOONYP—REASON—JUST LEFT PONTANEZEN.

3/12/18.



RECEIVED FIRST BALLOON.

7/27/18.



"ANOTHER FAMOUS MARCH-TO COETQUIDAN"

5/5/18.
6/18/18.



MOVED TO FLORENCE FIELD.
LEFT FLORENCE FIELD AND ENTRAINED.

ARRIVED AT GUER (MORBIHAN) AND MARCHED
TO CAMP COETQUIDAN.

7/27/18.
11/11/18.



"THAT A RAND AND GLORIOUS FEELING"

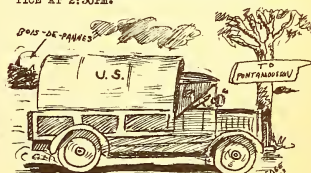
6/19/18.



ARRIVED AT CAMP MORRISON, VIRGINIA.

LEFT CAMP COETQUIDAN AND ENTRAINED AT GUER.
LEFT AT 11:00 AM. AND HEARD OF THE ARMIS-
TICE AT 2:30PM.

11/16/18.
1/23/19.



AND NOW—WHAT NEXT?

7/10/18.



MARCHED TO NEWPORT NEWS AND EMBARKED
ON "MATSONIA" AND "AEGULUS".



TRANSPORTED BY AUTO TRUCK TO
BOIS-DE-PANNES (MEUSE).
MOVED TO PONT-A-MOUSSON.



The 14th Balloon Company

THERE are hot springs, iron springs, bed springs, coiled springs, cantilever springs and even the panther springs, but we, Oh Woe, are off-springs—off-springs of company “D” of the 4th squadron. We made that leap on January 21st, 1918. Most of the present personnel, however, came to the company in March from Kelly Field. We dallied a bit with the I. D. R. and the foot movements therein contained just to make boys handle themselves a little more gracefully at the dance halls on Saturday nights. Occasionally, when the officers returned to the post after a strenuous session of tea dances, we flew the balloon.

As happens every year the 4th of July rolled around. The officers and enlisted men dined together, democratically spilling prune juice on one another's laps and wiping their mouths on the sleeves of their coats. It was a sort of bury-the-hatchet occasion. In fact, we actually buried a pick and shovel portraying the end of all fatigue. That pick and shovel were dug up during the night for we had them with us the next morning when we entrained for Morrison, Va.

We spent ten days here equipping ourselves and sailed for France on the 18th of July, aboard the Pastores. We landed at St. Nazaire on the 30th and stayed around long enough to give General Pershing some ideas on improvements for the I. D. R.

Our next destination was Étalons, Doubs.

On November 12th we moved up to a position just west of Jezainville in the edge of the forest of Puvenelle. Quarters were taken up in the St. Martin Fortaine farm house, a delightfully damp and odorous home.

On November 21st we were assigned to the Sixth Army Corps. We kept in training by playing foot-ball and Infantry drill, nor were the implements of fatigue allowed to rust.

Looking back over our history we see one incident which mars an otherwise tranquil scene.

On May 2nd, 1918, at Fort Omaha, a balloon exploded and as a result two of our comrades paid with their lives and twenty-six others were burned or injured. It was, therefore, with regret that we heard of the signing of the armistice before our chance for revenge came along.





It is generally understood that the United States fashioned its military programs after those of foreign countries. Looking back to the early days of the Fifteenth Balloon Company it is apparent that some Central American country was our model, for the first roster, drawn up February 5th, 1918, shows the names of four officers, one corporal and two privates. This organization was found to be unsatisfactory. As the Corporal had to act as Top Sergeant, Right and Left Guides and squad leader at the same time he developed brain fever over the duty roster, and corns from running from one end of the Company to the other on parades. Then Washington, taking pity on the Corporal, transferred two hundred men to the outfit from Kelly Field on March 11th, 1918.

As these men had been trained on heavier-than-air-machines they had to learn that a balloon will take off without "spinning the stick" and that smoking is not only forbidden but quite unnecessary for one's safety. However, they quickly mastered the new game and left for France, landing at St. Nazaire on July 31st, 1918.

News of the event reached Balloon Headquarters and they immediately telegraphed to send thirty of our best to a replacement company at Songe. After five days the rest of us departed and travelled for two nights through sunny France. On the morning of the third day we arrived at Haussamont and that evening "Jerry" came over to pay his respects. He drove over in a Gotha and dropped his card while we were standing at Parade Rest. A few who heretofore had had very keen ears, said later they distinctly heard "Fall out".



France -
Dear Mother -
I'm sending home
100 francs - but not
this month,

Early in September we moved to Colombey-les-Belles and, on October 6th, to territory evacuated by the Germans, where we took up a position in the Bois de Ramparts. There were plenty of assets such as seas of mud, mountains of rubbish and "beaucoup" demolished Boche dugouts. It was an ideal place for fatigue details with no "villes" to slip off to except demolished ones. On only two occasions did the visibility permit of co-operation with the artillery.

On November 9th, secret information was brought to us (and the Boche) by courier, that a big Allied drive was to be made in this sector. For once the Germans outwitted us and quit before we had time to prepare for the move because that evening our buffet was found entirely destitute of liquor.



The Forty Fourth Balloon Company

WE have told the following story of the wanderings of the 44th so many times that we are beginning to believe it ourselves.

To start with, I guess we all fell for the same poster, the one with the fellow riding in the airplane, and these magic words, "Join the Air Service". Well, we joined the service and have sure gotten beaucoup air ever since. So far three men in the company have seen an airplane, and they were on leave.

After passing through three sand storms that completely filled up the ditches we were digging across Kelly Field at San Antonio, Texas, we were declared 32nd degree artists with the pick and shovel and were given a chance to qualify for the balloon service. We had the necessary physical requirements for becoming human sand-bags—heavy from the neck down.

We were transferred to Camp John Wise and our training as balloonitics began in earnest. The boys with the largest waist bands were trained in manœvering the balloon or in plain English, holding her down. The pole-climbers were sent to a telephone school. The "Home, James" boys were taught that a truck is not a limousine. The sailors and tailors were put in a needlework class that had the "Ladies Aid Society" beaten a mile at sewing up balloons. The pen-pushers were sent to the chart-room and paper-work school.

Then came the real seasoning process. First we were taken into the woods below camp, where we lived two whole days in pup tents until it happened to rain and we hustled back to camp. After that we hiked over to a Free Balloon School on the other side of the city and ran an elevator service there for a couple of days with an antique balloon that worked somewhat like a dumb-waiter, being pulled down by hand. We also worked out with some artillery. It was quite a success. After a few days our student observers succeeded in locating the target.

We left Camp Wise the latter part of June and went to Morrison, Virginia, where we received our overseas equipment, sailing July 10th, and arriving eventually at Brest.

After our week at Brest was up we left via the popular "8 Chevaux" for Camp de Meucon near that metropolitan city of Brittany, Vannes. We began to learn how a balloon company really worked at the front instead of the way they worked in the wilds of Texas.





Early in the fall the company was ready to leave for the front, and movement orders were in our possession when a serious epidemic of the Spanish influenza broke out in the company. Our movement orders were accordingly cancelled.

On November 14th, the war being over, we departed for the front and arrived at Toul November 18th, where we detrained and proceeded by truck to Jezainville, a small town some 28 kilometers below Metz. At Jezainville we took possession of a ruined and abandoned French machine gun camp on the side of a hill above the town. It is certain that this camp would never have been taken by storm as one had to hang by his eyebrows to get up the hill to it. All supplies of course had to be carried up by pack mules—minus the mules. As the mud was about a foot deep around the camp the time was spent in trying to keep clear a space big enough to sleep in, and, as we were without a balloon, we were about as useful as a bottle of milk at an officers' picnic.

After a couple of weeks of work cleaning up this camp, and most of the Toul Sector, we moved into Pont-à-Mousson. It evidently had been quite a town once but the Huns had practiced on it with their artillery until it looked like the Last Days of Pompei. In a few days we had things patched up and through kindness of the neighbors, who were absent, we had our new house fitted up like the Ritz after an earthquake.

It seemed a pity that we should have put in a year without learning the work of the doughboy, and so we are at present working diligently to perfect ourselves in the noble art of squads right and our favorite indoor sport is "hunt the cosmoline." Again have the mighty fallen.





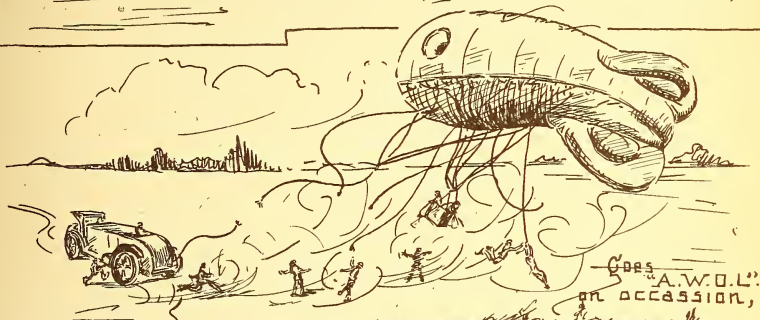
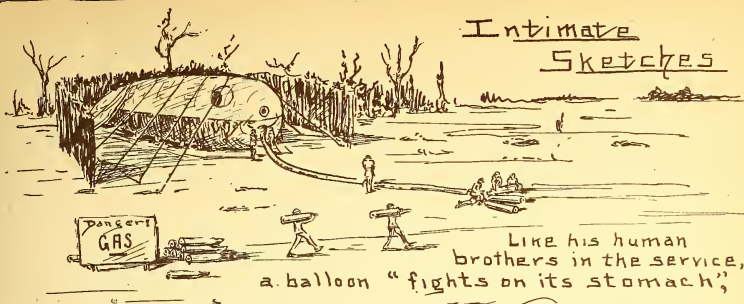
6th Corps Balloon Group

THE ups and downs of this Group in actual warfare were brief and, for the most part, uneventful. There was scarcely a time between November 3rd, when the consolidation took place, and November 11th, that the officers could not earn their flying pay in perfect safety and peace. All one had to do was go up into the low clouds and sleep. The only fear was that one of our own planes might collide with the balloon in the fog.

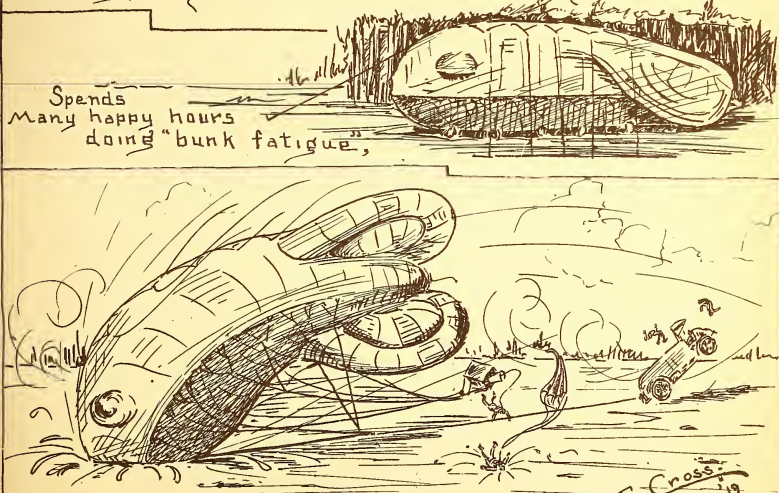
There was, however, one case in which things did not work out as had been planned. A couple of observers were up having their afternoon snooze when they were awakened and much annoyed to find the clouds all gone and the sun blazing down on them and on some Boche troops crossing the bridge at Noveant. Of course it was a beastly bore, but there was nothing to do but call the Artillery and tell them about it. Nineteen shots of 140 calibre were directed at the bridges the result of which is shown by the following intelligence report which appeared a few days later: "All confirmed the damage done at Novéant and Bayonville and the main road along the Moselle. At Novéant twenty-five men are said to have been killed by a single shell. The bridge at Novéant is still in use tho it has been struck several times."

Since the cessation of hostilities the Group has been carrying out a program of training which includes a two weeks course in which student observers are taught the ways of a balloon and are given opportunities for souvenir hunting.

Intimate Sketches



Spends many happy hours doing "bunk fatigue",



F. Cross
44th Cartoon Co.



"Naw! That ain't no observation balloon.
That's a Lister bag for aeroplanes!"

The 16th Balloon History

"FALL in", shouted the top sergeant and the five privates draped themselves on the right of the corporal. The C. O. took his post before the company and received the report. He appointed one of his officers as right guide, one as left guide and the third as file closer. No one being left over for K. P. or the guard house, the C. O. appealed for re-inforcements, and the company was filled up on March 10th with men from Kelly Field.

We started at once on a four month's course of intensive training in the British system of ballooning. Nevertheless, we did learn a few things and made a record for hauling down a balloon from two thousand feet, bedding and gassing it, all in seventeen minutes.

Through a buck in our ranks who had a sister in Oregon who was the wife of a man whose father was the brother of the owner of an ammunition plant paying an enormous excess profit tax to the government, we pulled strings in Washington and sailed for France on July 25th aboard the Susquehanna, formerly the German liner "Rhine". We dropped anchor in Brest harbor on the 6th of August.

Three days at a rest camp in Brest sufficed to fill us with enough rare spice and aroma of this ancient town of Brittany to make us fight anyone (especially the cook). "Tout de suite" we were sent to Bordeaux where we underwent a short and intensive course in the French methods. This consisted principally in breaking records for the quantity consumption of alcoholic beverages and compiling addresses of "les jolies mademoiselles".

Proving bears at this we were moved to Toul to take up a post-graduate course. On graduation we were attached to the 4th Army Corps and held in reserve until September 20th when we were ordered to go into action at Limey.

For two days everyone plunged with a vim into the task of preparing the balloon bed, laying the lines of communication and so forth. The Boche, with fiendish delight, waited until everything was completed and then very ungraciously shelled us and put our balloon out of commission.

Not to be fooled again, we extricated ourselves from the mud, put up the sign "For Rent—A live spot for fast people" and moved to Mamey. We got our balloon up this





time. The enemy did not see us but neither could we see him so poor was the visibility. Poor as it was we were spotted by the officer in charge of a neighboring ammunition dump. He rushed over crying that he had a wife and child in the States and did not care to stop a stray shot that was aimed at us.

We again moved near Li-mey but established ourselves more firmly this time in dug-outs, each with cooties of his own and a stove or a fire-place. Heinie came over one day and frisked about our balloons but was driven off before he did any damage.



We were considering placing contracts with a Paris firm to furnish our Cootie Châteaux in Louis XIV elegance when orders were received on the 9th of November that a big drive was to be made. In anticipation we constructed a balloon bed at Remenauville. At the Infantry P. C. we were notified that our forces had advanced six kilometers taking Prény Hill. We decided, therefore, to move the balloon into position in "Death Valley" near Jaulny. The balloon had been let up to 300 meters when the Boche opened up on it with shrapnel. It was immediately lowered and we moved back to Remenauville. The following morning, the Kaiser sold his copyright on "Gott mit uns", picked up his chattels and slipped away.

We stuck around for a while, mainly in the mud, at our old quarters with variations of Infantry and balloon drill until the latter part of January when we moved to Colombey-les-Belles and were attached to the 28th division to work out war problems. Eight officers of the division were detached for instruction as balloon observers.

We are still nursing a tottering dream that we may, eventually, have American daisies growing over us and not French ones.

The Chief Danger in Air Raids.



A few that the
Huns retained
until Nov. 11th



FOKKER D-7



HANOVRRANNER FIGHTER



ALBATROSS D-5



ROLAND



PFALZ



The Seventeenth Aero Squadron

With the R. A. F. on the front from July 8, 1918 to October 28, 1918. 64 Huns shot down according to official British confirmation, in 1839 hours of offensive patrols, or 1.25 Huns for each flying day. 24000 pounds of bombs dropped in 426 additional hours of low bombing. Distinguished Flying Cross awarded to Lieutenants Hamilton, Vaughn, Burdick, and Campbell.



SOME joker once pulled the wheeze that the squadron insignia of the 17th should be the picture of a goat with a large expression of "what are you going to do to me next?" At any rate, ever since the outfit was formed in May 1917, the fellow who sits at the desk and grinds out those mystical things, orders, has always tried it on the Seventeenth first.

To begin with the men were all those strange creatures who volunteered with the hope of becoming pilots. Having taken the oath they suddenly found themselves shoveling sand and digging ditches of Texas.

The next thing they knew a lot of cadets were attached and soon they were the first squadron to be sent to the R. F. C. in Canada for training.

While the men were learning to "form fours" the cadets went to ground school.

Then five weeks later, back the whole lot went to help start the R. F. C. schools at Hicks, Texas. The cadets having managed to wrest from the authorities a pair of wings and a commission, Maj. Scanlon took charge, and near the end of the year the 17th started for the war as the first American squadron complete with pilots.

Arriving in England the shocking discovery was made that someone had forgotten to send along the aeroplanes. Furthermore, it would be necessary to know something about the kind of machines then used in the great war, so the men went to R. F. C. training schools to learn how to handle war machines and the pilots to learn how to fly them.

Then the Hun took a deep breath and start-

ed the March offensive. Before anyone knew what had happened the men of the different flights found themselves sent separately to R. F. C. squadrons on the front. It was surely some front too. The Huns were knocking 'em all over the map. The aerodromes had to be moved every day or so as the German advance came on. Patrols had to be kept in the air at all costs. It was plain old triple extract of Hell.

Late in June it was decided to have some American organizations working with the British as squadrons, and 17 was picked first for the job. They moved to an aerodrome near Dunkirk, Belgium, with Lt. Sam Eckert as C. O., and Tipton, Hamilton and Goodnow as flight commanders.

Work began with the new Le Rhône engined Camels, early in July, escorting 211's bombers up to bomb the "subs", etc., at Bruges. The new men began to get familiar with "Archie" and learn about the war in the air so that on the twentieth Williams drew the first blood by picking off a Fokker in flames.

Going thirty and thirty five miles back into Hunland was not exactly a rest cure in view of the ten inch "Archie" along the coast but it soon got to be just part of the day like breakfast and dinner and even though the Huns were scarce and "A. A." plentiful, now and then someone managed to chalk up another one.

On August twelfth, Armstrong, Snoko and Alderman all managed to stop some of the German ammunition in their tender persons.

Next day all three turned up side by side in the same





hospital. One afternoon King George came along through the wards saying Hello to the blessés. He stopped beside the three "Yanks", noticed that Snoko was wounded in the head, inquired about "Army's" wound in the back and arm, and then asked "Aldy", who had no visible bandages, where he was wounded. "Aldy" was stumped for a minute, blushed forty colors, and then gave the King a big laugh by replying, "Over Ostend, your Majesty".

When it became known that about the middle of August the outfit was to move south where the war was hotter it was decided to give the Huns a farewell party. At Vaessanaere, just south of Bruges was a German "drome" housing five or more squadrons of Fokkers and Gothas. 211 and 218 squadrons, day bombers, came along to help on the "show". Just after dawn, the whole lot made the rendezvous out over the sea beyond Bruges.

The bombers went over first and set down their nice fat bombs on the aerodrome and the château beside it which housed the pilots, thus calling their attention to the fact that there was a war on.

As soon as things began to quiet down a bit and everyone began coming out of the dugouts, the entire packet of 17's Camels came hopping over the hedges and gave the place a day to be remembered. Everybody carried four twenty pound bombs and a magazine full of the best Buckingham incendiary ammunition.

What happened would fill a good sized book. Hamilton put his four bombs direct on a big hangar, put fifty rounds into the windows of the château and then set fire to a couple of Fokkers which some nervy pilots were trying to take off. Todd put his bombs on the château and according to the bombers who sat up above to watch the fun, chased a fat Hun officer three times around a hangar and finally shot him down. Schneider put his bombs into a hangar and then finished off a pilot and his machine on the ground.

Shearman leveled a row of wooden buildings with his bombs, finished off a man making for a machine gun emplacement, shot

up an empty Fokker on the ground and blew up a nearby "A. A." battery. Showalter took care of a hangar with his bombs, put 600 rounds into the château and then gave an "A. A." battery a little mortality.

Goodnow, Wise, Case, Campbell and Desson all pulled about the same stunts. When everyone got back home, it was found that there were no casualties, except for a lot of shot up wings, etc.

A prisoner captured later gave the number of machines destroyed as fourteen. When the territory was occupied the natives said it had been nearer twenty and that more than 180 men and thirty pilots had been killed.

The middle of August the expected move came off to Auxi-le-Château on the Cambrai front where a big push was brewing. Patrols started on the twenty first with four pilots getting Huns on the first two jobs.

The twentysixth was the blackest day in the whole squadron history. It was terrible weather with a sixty mile gale blowing straight into Hunland. At about three in the afternoon the Colonel called up saying that there were a lot of Huns in the sky and that some of 148's ships were in trouble. Would 17 please go give them a little help? Tipton took the patrol off and started to the rescue.

They had cleared off a bunch of Fokkers who had been bothering a couple of 148's Camels when fifty or sixty more Huns fell on them. The flight was out numbered almost ten to one and had the gale between them and the lines. After a heart breaking fight, Snoko, Dixon and Goodnow did make it back to the lines, their planes shot to bits and half crazy at what they had been through. Tipton, Todd, Bittinger, Roberts, Jackson and Frost were "missing". Dixon had gotten a Hun in flames and crashed another into the ground. Snoko and "Goody" had used up all their ammunition but could get no confirmations. Months later a post card came through from Tipton saying that he and Frost were wounded and prisoners with Todd. "Tip" had accounted for two and Todd for one before they got them.

Meanwhile the Tommies had been keeping





up such a good stiff pace towards Berlin that it was soon necessary to work from an advanced landing ground, a nightmare of a place of wrecked scenery, shell holes and Huns too long dead.

By the last of September the aerodrome was moved up to a place near Doullens, where the mud was a little less than knee deep. The weather was one long rain with the clouds right on the ground, but the Hindenburg line was being knocked into a cocked hat. It was necessary to "carry on" so everyone simply passed into an ultra-violet coma and managed to stand five or six hours flying on days that used to be reserved for patrols about the stove in the mess.

About this time Tillingast was forced to accept the hospitality of the German hospitals. Among other things he took a violent dislike to their famed black bread so with a couple of other unfortunate "Yanks" he proceeded to climb out of a window one night and put to shame the best stunts of Diamond Dick and Sherlock Holmes by appearing one fine October day at headquarters in London, whence they had arrived via Brussels and Holland.

On the twenty seventh everyone was feeling particularly full of pep and it was decided to have it out with the "Blue Tails", the

Second Bavarian Pursuit Group, which had taken the place of the old Richthofen circus as the crack lot of the German outfits. A patrol of fourteen went out in flights and put up the stall of falling for the bait which the "Blue Tails" had put out in the form of a slow old two-seater down below. A real honest to goodness dogfight followed and it looked for a while as if 17 was in for it, as the Huns were reinforced by a lot more. But the old Camel's middle name is "Dogfight" and they were working at their best altitude so by the time the sixth Hun had gone to rest they decided they had had enough and quit. 17 came home without the loss of a man, called up 148 and told them about it, whereupon 148 went out that afternoon, met the same bunch and took care of five more officially, also without losing a man. That was the last that was ever seen of the "Blue Tails".

The rest of the month was almost a continuous slaughter of the retreating Hun Army on the roads with bombs and gunfire until, all of a sudden, orders came that the squadron was to report to Colombey-les-Belles the first of November. But after assignment to the Fourth Pursuit Group at Toul came along, the Kaiser gave up the job, and there were no more Huns to shoot at.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD ARMY
BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

Dear Longerft,

30 October 1918

Will you please convey to the commanders and all ranks of the 17th and 148th American Squadrons my sincere appreciation of their excellent and valuable work with the Third Army, and thank them very warmly for so cordially responding to all the calls made upon them.

I greatly regret their departure and wish them every luck.

Sincerely,

J. BYNG

Commanding Third British Army





The 148th Aero Squadron

With the R. A. F. on the front from July 8th, 1918 to October 28th, 1918. 66 Huns shot down according to British official confirmation, in 1725 hours of offensive patrols. 30000 pounds of bombs dropped, in 385 hours additional of ground strafing. Distinguished Flying Cross awarded to Lieutenants Kindley, Clay, Springs, Callahan, Bissell, and Creech.



IF you remember March 1918 you remember how the Hun was knocking them right and left. Well—that's why the men of the 148th squadron went straight off to France while the pilots went to flying schools.

Arrived at Le Havre, the outfit was split into three bunches and started for the lines to get experience with the R. F. C. squadrons on active service. They got it from the start. "H. Q" and "A" flights started for Ham. When they got to Chaulnes the R. T. O. told them that Ham was in No Man's Land. While they were waiting there that night old Jerry came along and dropped a nice fat bomb down beside the train killing nine men in the squadron and wounding that many more.

"B" Flight started for Albert. The Huns welcomed them by shelling the train and knocking the engine off the track so they had to go ahead to No. 43 squadron on foot. They couldn't hit "C" Flight so they got clear up to their destination with No. 43 at Merville. Talk about being initiated! Is there anything worse than pulling off a retreat, moving the aerodrome every other day while the Huns were shelling it, and keeping the patrols going all the time?

Eventually, if not right now, the German advance was stopped and ordinary warfare went on till at last it was decided to make 148 into a real service squadron with "Yank" pilots, Clerget Camels and everything. The first of July the whole bunch got together at Dunkirk,

"Mort" Newhall came along to be the new C. O., Eliot Springs, Henry

Clay and "Bim" Oliver to be flight commanders, with Field Kindley, "Zip" Zistell, George Whiting, "Jinks" Jenkinson and Wylie, who had all been attached to various R. F. C. squadrons, seeing the war and getting some Huns. The rest of the pilots were all new "Yanks" fresh from the training schools in England.

By the 8th, the machines were all ready, the bar all stocked up, and line patrols begun in order to get the men accustomed to the country, shot at by "Archie", and steady in formation. Five days later while line patrolling, some four miles beyond the lines, Kindley saw the first Hun, administered the proper treatment and started the score.

As soon as the squadron was ready for real work they were given the job of day by day escorting the bombers to Dunkerque, out to sea, up to the edge of Holland, down to Zeebrugge, to bomb the mole and the subs, and back home thru the "Hun Hate". Meanwhile, Springs and Kindley collected another Hun apiece, and the new men learned how to behave.

Getting Huns while on escort work being rather difficult business, and Huns being rather scarce on this particular bit of front, at Major Fowler's request the squadron was moved on August 10th to Allonville, to work on the Albert—Villers-Bretonneux front, where with the push before Amiens in full swing there was "beaucoup" aerial activity.

The first show from the Allonville "drome" on the 13th of August was a "Low Recon" to find out who held Roye. That afternoon on





the second show, an offensive patrol, six two-seaters were located. Kindley, Seiboldt and Wylie picked off one each. Wylie "failed to return", but was located all O. K. that night, having landed just back of our lines with a "dud" engine.

During the last part of the month the score began to move right along in spite of the fact that about half the work was "ground strafing".

The first of September, in preparation for the pushes for Cambrai, the Squadron was moved north to Doullens. Here came the "one worst day". While touring around on a "low show" over the environs of Cambrai, about eight miles over, a patrol of eight was "left" on by a flock of twenty five Fokkers. When they had fought their way back home, Kenyon, Frobisher, Foster and Mandell were missing, Knox and Kindley had a Hun apiece and Kindley had his goggles shot through. It was a bad day for sure, but it was the only time that 148 ever lost more pilots than she got Huns.

During September the war became less and less of a "pink tea" so that about the time the Hindenburg line was beginning to feel the strain, the Staff had made the wonderful discovery that on days when it rained or when the clouds were low, and when according to tradition, custom and all moral law, pilots should be given a rest, it was possible to fly and shoot up the troops and worry the transport with twenty pound bombs. 3.00 A. M. to 9:30 P. M., it was one continuous round of aviation. The only thing that kept patrols from going out more often seemed to be the inability of the Staff to get the orders out faster.

By the 20th of September the war had gotten so far away from the aerodrome at Doullens that the squadron was moved up to Albert. Here, in the odd, leisure minute and a half, the pilots could enjoy the advantages of scenery which had been reduced to a state of liquid glue by four years continuous shell fire. The same day too "Jinks" Jenkinson went down in flames after as stout a fight against big odds as ever a pilot put up.

As a bit of revenge for the loss of old "Jenks",

on the 24th a patrol of fifteen located and engaged an enemy patrol of fifteen from the famous 2nd Bavarian Pursuit Group. This bunch was locally known as the "Blue Tails" and were generally considered the hottest aggregation of Hun pilots working on the entire front. The scrap lasted 20 minutes by the clock. Seven of the "Blue Tails" went down to get their "Wooden Crosses" while the best the Huns could do was to puncture the wings of several of the Camels. Every man remembers it as by far the hardest scrap he ever saw. 17 Squadron had taken a crack at the same outfit earlier the same morning, copped off five and sent the sixth down out of control. Intelligence came through a few days later with news from a German captured document saying that the 2nd Bavarian Pursuit Group had been withdrawn from the front on account of casualties.

On the twenty-seventh, Avery, while "ground strafing", went down a prisoner behind the German lines. The next day as he was being marched back along the road, he had the pleasure of being just missed by a bomb from his own squadron as they came down the road at about fifty feet, bombing and shooting. Later, on being questioned by a German squadron commander he was told, "Yes, I know what squadron you are from and I wish to Hell that they would take you Yanks off of this front for you have gotten down some of the best pilots we had".

By the middle of October the fatigue details had gotten nearly all the shell holes in the Albert aerodrome filled in so that it was possible to land with a fair margin of safety. Immediately, the squadron was moved to a new, freshly shelled one just outside of Bapaume.

On the night of the twentieth a Hun night bomber kept Bissell and Wylie from getting the required amount of sleep, so just before dawn they took off with bombs, went all the way over to Valenciennes, blew up the station and a troop train from about fifty feet, shot up the troops and came back and went to bed. For all this the General came down that afternoon personally, to pat them on the back.





Alternating with rumors of peace, all through the month of October, there had been rumors that the Squadron was to be removed from the R. A. F. and sent to the American front to fly Spads. Everyone solemnly swore that they would resign their commissions if this came true. Then it did come true in the form of orders to report to Colombey-les-Belles. No one resigned, though two thirds of the squadron tried to commit suicide by drinking all the (deleted by the W. C. T. U.).

Monday, the twenty-eighth, while on squadron patrol, eight Fokkers were sighted. There followed one of the prettiest shows of the year. Kindley lead his flight below for bait while Moore and Callahan lead the two top flights out of sight in the clouds. The Huns fell for the old trap and the two top flights fell into the scrap like a ton of bricks. Some Hun Commander is wondering yet what ever happened to eight of his machines, for they are all toasting their shins with von Richthofen now. "All of our machines returned safely." Bissell had added two to his score, and six others had one apiece.

This show so pleased the General that he declared the next and last day of the Squadron under the R. A. F. orders, a holiday.

The parting scenes are not published at the request of the Anti-Saloon League except to state several good Hun destroyers

shed actual tears when they parted with their faithful Camels and turned their minds towards Spads, and that even General Bane came down to the train to say "Cheer-O".

The Squadron came to the Second American Army and the Fourth Pursuit Group, bringing with them the records of sixty six British official Huns destroyed, with the loss of four pilots killed, four prisoners and three wounded. They had flown 1700 hours on offensive patrols, 385 hours shooting up the troops and low bombing, twenty five hours of shooting at balloons, sending their love to the Crown Prince's gang in the form of thirty thousand pounds of twenty pound bombs and so many rounds of ammunition that no one could keep count. Henry Clay had hung up the remarkable stunt of leading his flight through the whole mess without the loss of a single man. Kindley, Clay, Springs, Callahan, Bissell and Creech had all raised a sufficiently high mortality rate among the Huns to get the Distinguished Flying Cross.

A few days at the Toul Aerodrome, learning to fly Spads—(opinions of pilots deleted in view of certain articles of war)—and along came the armistice. Soon after the war ended the outfit was broken up and the pilots all sent home while the men went some place near St. Maixent, where they remain to this very day, doing fatigue in the mud and wondering if they will be remembered and sent home in time to volunteer for the next war.

TELEGRAM

September 26, 1918

Subject, Official Communique.
HAEF No. 706 D period.

Telegram received here quote Sept. 24 17 Sqdn and 148 Sqdn brought down total of eleven aircraft against great odds also destroyed one ammunition dump comma all our pilots returned safely signed Fowler unquote.

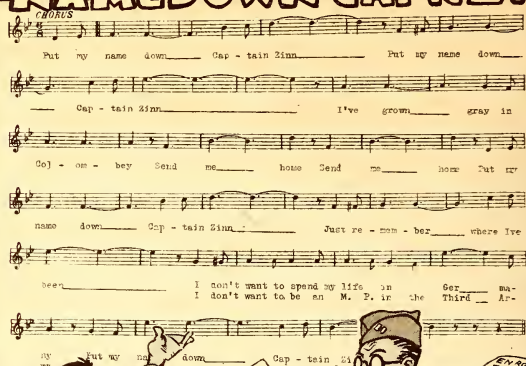
DUNWOODY



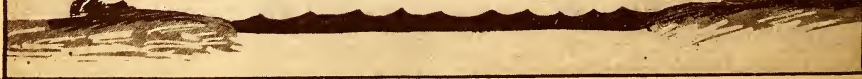
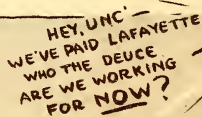
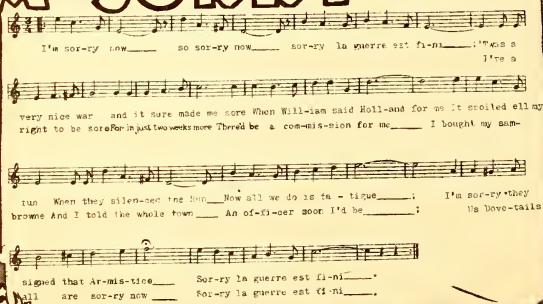


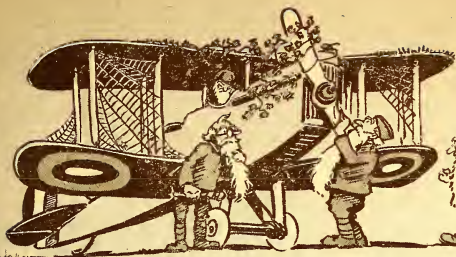
PUT MY NAME DOWN CAP'N ZINN

TUNE OF
"KEEP YOUR
HEAD DOWN,
FRITZIE BOY"



I'M SORRY—





HEARD ANY RECENT
DOPE ABOUT OUR
GOING HOME,
BUCK?

DARLING I AM COMING BACK

TUNE OF
"SILVER THREADS
AMONG THE GOLD"

Andante cantabile

Dar- ling I am com- ing back---
Once I thought by now I'd be---

Sil- ver threads a- mong the black- dow that peace in Eur- ope means--I'll be home in sev- en
Sail- ing back a- cross the sea-- Back to where you sit and mine--but in head- line for me

I'll drop in on you some night--- With my whisk- ers long and
Rhine-- You can hear the M. Ps. course--- "War is Hell" but Peace is

white --- Home a- gain with you once more-- Say - by nine- teen twen- ty four--
worse--- When the next war comes--Oh Well-- I'll rush in I will like ---

CHORUS

I'll drop in on you some night-- With my whisk- ers long and white---
Just hear that 3rd Arm- y curse-- "War is Hell" but Peace is worse---
Home a- gain with you once more--- Say - by nine- teen twen- ty four.
When the next war comes--Oh Well-- I'll rush in I will like ---



— BUT
PEACE
IS
WORSE !



I WANNA GO HOME

THE OBSERVER'S LAMENT

I want to go home.
I want to go home.
The Philtres, they murder.
The Fokkers they kill.
If the Rumplers don't get you the Albatross
Take me over the sea [will].
Where the Huns can't get after me,
Oh my, I'm too young to die,
I want to go home.

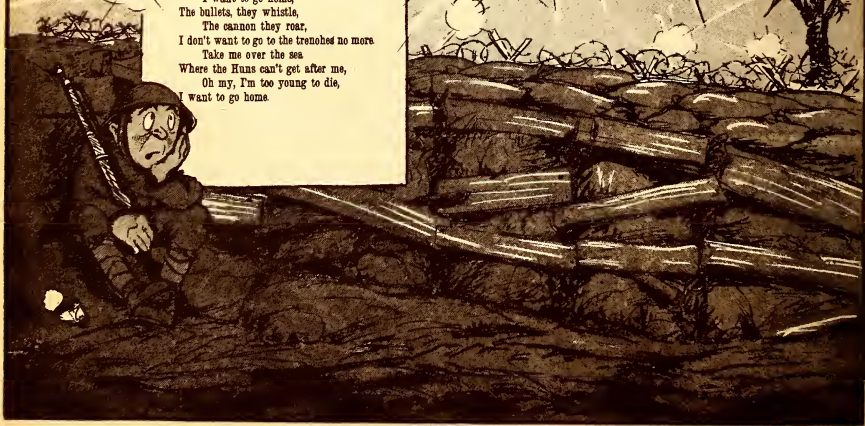
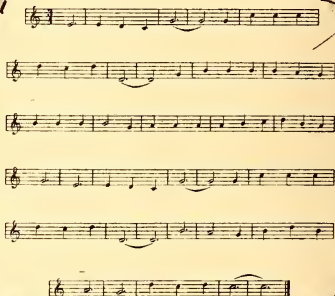
I want to go home,
I want to go home.
The gas tank is leaking
The motor is dead,
The pilot is trying to stand on his head.
I don't want to fly upside down
I wish I were safe on the ground,
Oh my, I'm too young to die,
I want to go home.

I want to go home,
I want to go home,
The Sopwiths are rotten,
The A. E.'s are worse,
If you ride in a D. H. you won't need a
Take me over the sea [hears].
Where Archies can't get at me,
Oh my, I'm too young to die,
I want to go home.

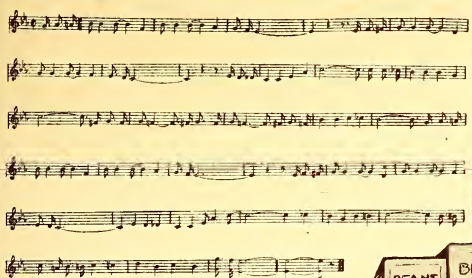
I want to go home,
I want to go home,
I've manicured bed rooms,
The mess is a fright,
And then I catch Hell from the Ki-wis all
I never a birdman should be, [night].
No Eyes of the Army for me,
Oh my, I'm too young to die,
I want to go home.

THE DOUGHBOY'S LAMENT

I want to go home,
I want to go home,
The bullets, they whistle,
The cannon they roar,
I don't want to go to the trenches no more
Take me over the sea
Where the Huns can't get after me,
Oh my, I'm too young to die,
I want to go home.



N'EVRYTHING-



We've got a mess that soaks us beanoups francs
For everything.
Our mess bill's big enough to bust three banks
'n everything.
And though we dig down in our jeans
All we ever get is beans.
For food that's fancy, we go to Nancy
(For food and also other things)
We've got a cook that should be walking guard
'n everything.
I think he boils his pies in Q. M. hard.
'n everything.
And if I ever brook away
I'm going to gorge myself each day
On porterhouse and apple pie with real ice cream
'n everything.

We've got a dinky stove that smokes and smokes,
'n everything.
We've got a guy that snores (I hope he chokes)
'n everything.
Y'oughta hear ns cough and sneeze
When the walls let in the breeze.
Most any hour an' loy shower
Drips on our bunks 'n everything.
We've got a floor that's full of cracks and nails
'n everything.
We've got a mascot munt that howls and wails
'n everything.
And if I ever leave this life,
I'm going straight home to my wife.
Where we'll have a lot of heat and rugs and tabs
'n everything.





THOSE ANCIENT KNIGHTS IN DAYS OF YORE



Those Ancient Knights in Days of Yore belonging to the Signal Corps,
Lived lives of ease when all their foes they'd mastered.
And every night so they'd relate the whole darn gang would congregate,
At some swell bar and stick till they were plastered.
And when the bugler bugled at dawn they'd heave an ax at him and yawn,
And snooze till 12 before they donned their armor,
But ancient customs don't survive, we now get up at half past five,
And answer Reveille in our pajamas.

We left our homes and sailed for France to kick the well known Dutchman's pants,
And leave behind the queen that we'd been rushing,
And then some daring Dog of War who's in the Quartermaster Corps,
Porsakes his tasks and fares him forth amusing.
And while for mail we vainly hunt, this dashing Quartermaster runt
Plays Hek with all our hopes and aspirations;
And when we hear that little Nell is married we just say, "Oh Hell",
And meekly write her our congratulations.

CHORUS

It means no night - y ead to think of old Sir Gel - a - had, and

all the Knights of his ro-man-tic day. When to win a la - dy Charm - er he would

duck - la on his ar - mor and hop in - to the fray. To please his

la - dy Love he car-ried round her lit-tle glove and eve - ry thing that she said

went. For then was the day when a la - dy was a la - dy and a

gent was a per - fect gent.



SWIVILIAN

BLESS YE



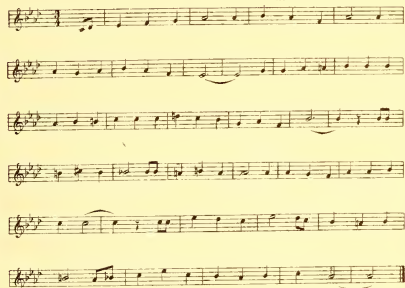
WAR!



THE BATTLE OF PARIS



MUSIC BY LYNN F. DANIELS



As I sit on my bunk arranging my junk,
with thoughts of Old Paris in mind,

With vivid reflections and fond recollections
of milestones that now lie behind,

While fresh in my ears are the words of these
Dears who openly, mockingly dare us,

To forget home and friends till this awful
war ends and take part in The Battle of
Paris.

They are strikingly neat from their heads to
their feet and have eyes like stars in the skies,

And fresh ruby lips like rose petal tips, how
beautiful you may surmise.

Now these camouflaged birds sap the strength
from the words we are told by the Chap-
lain to sear us,

So with vigorous hop we go over the top in
that terrible Battle of Paris.

Now up on the line where the big guns whine
and the 75's are a'smoking,

The Hell in the air fills your heart with
despair and the gas fills your lungs till
you're choking;

But say, on the square I'd rather be there on
the Marne, or the Somme or at Arras,

For with vin blanc snoot full its hard to be
neutral in That Famous Battle of Paris.

BESIDE A BELGIAN WATER TANK



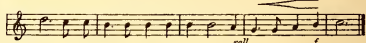
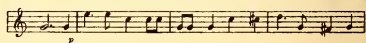
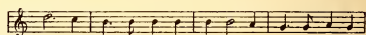
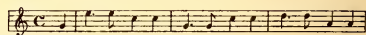
I
Beside a Belgian water tank
One cold and wintry day,
Beneath his busted biplane
The young observer lay;
His pilot hung from a telegraph pole
But not entirely dead
And he listened to the last words
This young observer said.

CHORUS

Oh I'm going to a better land
Where everything is bright,
Where handouts grow on bushes
And they stay out late at night
You do not have to work at all
Nor even change your socks
And drops of Johnny Walker
Come trickling thru the rooks.

II
The pilot breathed his last few gasps,
Before he passed away:
"I'll tell you how it happened —
The flippers fell away.
The motor wouldn't work at all,
The ailerons flivvered too;
A shot went thru the gas tank
And let the gas leak thru."

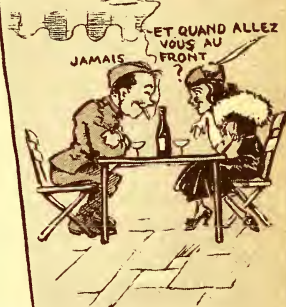
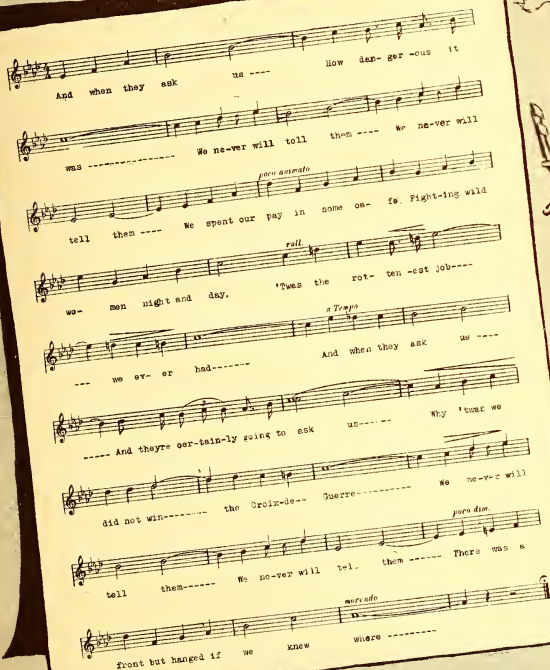
III
Their spirits left their bodies
And as they upward flew
Said the Pilot to the Observer,
I'll tell you what we'll do —
We'll get Old Pete to give us wings
And back to earth we'll fly,
And hunt those god-darned Ki-wis
Until the day they die.

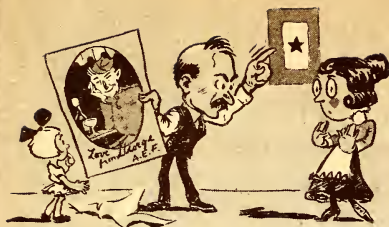




BATTLE HYMN OF THE S.O.S.

TUNE OF
"THEY DIDN'T BELIEVE ME"





MOTHER TAKE DOWN YOUR SERVICE FLAG

Mother take down your service flag
Your son's in the S. O. S.
He's S. O. L. but what the hell,
He never suffered less.
He may be thin, but that's from gin
Or else I miss my guess,
So, Mother take down your service flag,
Your son's in the S. O. S.



MOTHER PUT OUT YOUR GOLDEN STAR

Mother put out your golden star
Your son's goin' up in a Sop,
The wings are weak, the ship's a freak,
She's got a rickety prop.
The motor's junk, the pilot's drunk,
He's sure to take a flop—
Oh, Mother put out your golden star
Your son's goin' up in a Sop.

TUNE OF
"WHERE DO WE GO
FROM HERE BOYS"



BON SOIR MAMSELLE



"Bon Soir, Mademoiselle,
Comment allez-vous?"
"Moi, je suis très bien, Monsieur,
Comment allez-vous?"
"Voulez-vous prom'ner avec moi?"
"Certainement, M'sieur."
"Three beans, Mademoiselle,
Where do we go from here?"



AWAY, RUDE
SIR - I'M
A KIWI!

AIN'T YOU
A SOJER?

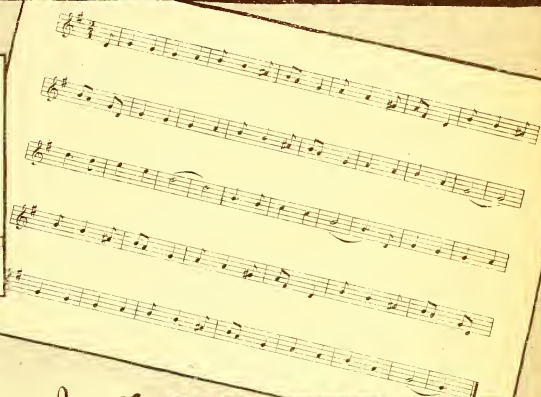
SONG OF THE KIWI

Oh, I don't have to fight like the Infantry,
Fight like the Cavalry,
Fight like Artillery,
Oh, I don't have to fly over Germany,
For I'm a Ki-wi-wi.
I'm a Ki-wi-wi,
I'm a Ki-wi-wi,
Oh, I don't have to fight like the Infantry,
Fight like the Cavalry,
Fight like Artillery,
Oh, I don't have to fly over Germany,
For I'm a Ki-wi-wi.



KIWI

1-ZOOLOGICAL: AN AUSTRALIAN BIRD, SANS WINGS SPECIES RARE
2-AERONAUTICAL: AN A.E.F. GROUND-ACE... SPECIES TRÈS COMMON

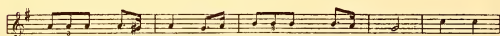




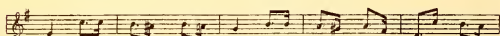
BOMBED



We were bombed last night and bombed the night be - fore, And we're

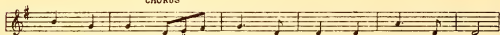


gon-na be bombed to-night, As we ne-ver were bombed be - fore. When we're



bombed we're scared as we can be. They can bomb the whole dern ar-my If they

CHORUS



don't bomb me. They're o - ver us, they're o - ver us,



One little cave for the four of us. Glo-ry be to God there are no



more of us Or they'd bomb the whole damn crew.



JUST BEHIND THE BATTLE, MOTHER-

Just behind the Battle, Mother,
I am sinking back to you,
For the cannon's rattle, Mother,
Makes me feel uncertain then
I am not so fond of dying
As my comrades seem to be,
So from musings round me flying
I am muzzling back to thee.

CHORUS

Mother, don't you hear the hissing,
Of the bullets as they pass?
I may be numbered with the missing
But never, never, with the slain.

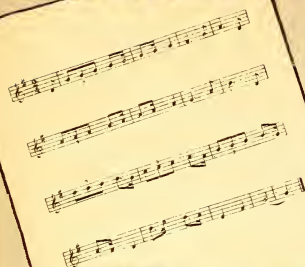
Gently hills the night, dear Mother,
Gently slopes the battle plain,
But I'm still here, gently, Mother,
Staying home to you again
I care not for War or quarrels,
Or for laurels on my brow,
I'd much prefer to see those laurels
In your kitchen garden grow.

From the forts come sounds of thunder,
There's no comfort in the thought,
Do they see me now, I wonder?
If they do I may be caught
Once I nearly swooned, Mother,
And I believed it to crack
I thought that I was wounded, Mother,
Below the hollow of my back.

I regret that I resisted
Your entreaties long ago,
I was foolish when I stated,
But I'm much more flighty now
When I'm safely back, dear Mother,
From the side I'll never roam,
I'll stay and watch my younger brother
In tranquillity at home.



HINKEY-DINKEY PARLEZ-VOO



The Cavalry say they won the war, Parlez-vous.
The Cavalry say they won the war, Parlez-vous.
The Cavalry said they did it all,
Shooting craps in empty stalls, Hinkey Dinkey, Parlez-vous.

The Tank Corps say they won the war, Parlez-vous.
The Tank Corps say they won the war, Parlez-vous.
Oh, the Tank Corps says they fought tris bon,
Against M. P. s around Dijon, Hinkey Dinkey, Parlez-vous.

The Medics say they won the war, Parlez-vous.
The Medics say they won the war, Parlez-vous.
Oh, the Medics say they saved the line,
With C.C. pills and Iodine, Hinkey Dinkey, Parlez-vous.

The Signal Corps say they won the war, Parlez-vous.
The Signal Corps say they won the war, Parlez-vous.
And all they did be the Signal Corps,
Was play blackjack on the office floor, Hinkey Dinkey, Parlez-vous.

The Q. M. say they won the war, Parlez-vous.
The Q. M. say they won the war, Parlez-vous.
It was fims this and beanooup that,
And a number ten for a number quatre, Hinkey Dinkey, Parlez-vous.

The M. P. s say they won the war, Parlez-vous.
The M. P. s say they won the war, Parlez-vous.
Oh, the M. P. s say they won the war,
Standing guard at a cafe door, Hinkey Dinkey, Parlez-vous.

The C. O. says he won the war, Parlez-vous.
The C. O. says he won the war, Parlez-vous.
The C. O. wants the Croix de Guerre,
For sitting around in his Morris Chair, Hinkey Dinkey, Parlez-vous.

The Kaiser was going to win the war, Parlez-vous.
The Kaiser was going to win the war, Parlez-vous.
Oh, Kaiser William, you're S. O. L.
Your Mittel Europa is shot to hell, Hinkey Dinkey, Parlez-vous.



A-E-F-MISERERE TO BE SUNG WERY WERY TRAGIC-LIKE -

Andante

It's a hard life and a wear-y one

Allegro

Death hangs o'er my head like the sword of Dam-o - cles

Andante

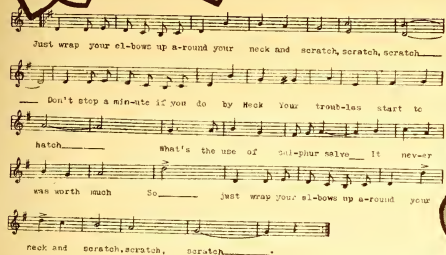
I'm so dum poor I can't af - ford a box of Ram-o - nes

Andante

It's a hard life and a wear-y one DAMN, DAMN, DAMN



SCRATCH SCRATCH SCRATCH



TUNE OF
"SMILE, SMILE,
SMILE"



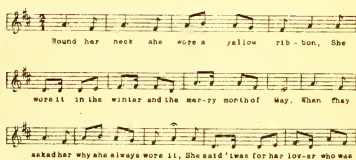
Private Buck was a-readin' of his shirt,
Readin' it from cuff to cuff.
"Hell!" sezze, "this Army's done me dirt,
I've got cooties sure enough."

"Sarge", sezze, "what am I going to do?
These bugs must be suppressed." Buck,
The Sarge was wise, so he said, "Now listen
If you want to get 'em off your chest..."

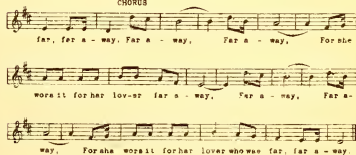
CHORUS

Wrap both your elbows up around your neck.
And scratch, scratch, scratch.
Don't stop a second. If you do, by Heck
Your troubles start to hatch.
What's the use of sulphur salve,
It never was worth much.
So wrap both your elbows up around your neck.
And scratch, scratch, scratch.

FOR HER LOVER FAR AWAY

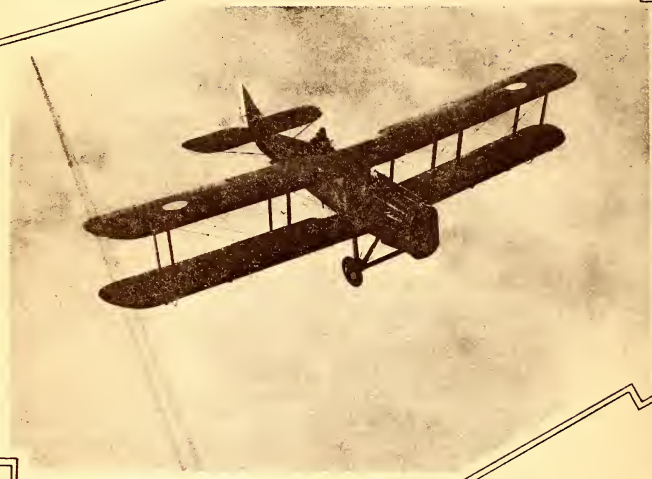


CHORUS



PLANES USED
ON THE FRONT
BY THE
AMERICAN AIR SERVICE

"S-E-5"



"LIBERTY"



BREGUET



SALMONSON

Planes Used by the Air Service in France

Spad. — Nearly all the pursuit work of the American Air Service was done by Spad planes. The First, Second, and Third Pursuit Groups used them for most of their work on the front, and early in November of 1918 three Spad XIII squadrons were placed in the Fourth Pursuit Group and two Spad VII Squadrons in the Fifth Pursuit. All of these planes were furnished by the French Government, which supplied 1068 Spads up to the time of the armistice.

Camel. — When the R. A. F. sent two squadrons of Americans to the front, it gave them Camels to fly. Whereupon the Hun on that front became thankful that there were not more American Camel squadrons about. 17 and 148, our two Camel squadrons, accounted for 130 Huns (British Official) in less than four months.

S. E. 5. — The British S.E. 5 did not appear on the American front until a few days before the Hun did his final crash. About November 1st the 25th Squadron was sent out in this successful British single seater, but did not have time to prove what Yank pilots in S. E. 5's could do.

Nieuport. — Although Nieuport 28's were the first chase planes used by Yanks on the front, they are known chiefly as training planes in the U. S. Air Service. 1638 planes of this type were furnished by the French Government. Type 28, equipped with 150 H. P. Gnome engines, carried the First Pursuit Group through their first months on the front.

Salmson. — Just as most of the American chase work at the front was done on French Spad planes, most of the observation work was carried out on French Salmsons. Eleven Yank squadrons went over the lines in this plane, which proved to be a great favorite with our observation units. The total number of Salmsons furnished by the French to equip our squadrons was 649.

D. H. 4. — Ten squadrons of American built D. H. 4 planes were sent over the lines in 1918. Five of them were used for observation work and five for bombing. The number of these planes actually received at the front up to the time of the Armistice was 557.

Breguet. — The Breguet, originally a French plane, has come to be a sort of international affair, Liberty motors having been selected recently as the best power plant for this type of ship. On the front it was used quite extensively by Yank bombing and observation squadrons, who received in all 341 of these planes.



NIEUPORT



*SOPWITH -
CAMEL*



"SPAD"



War

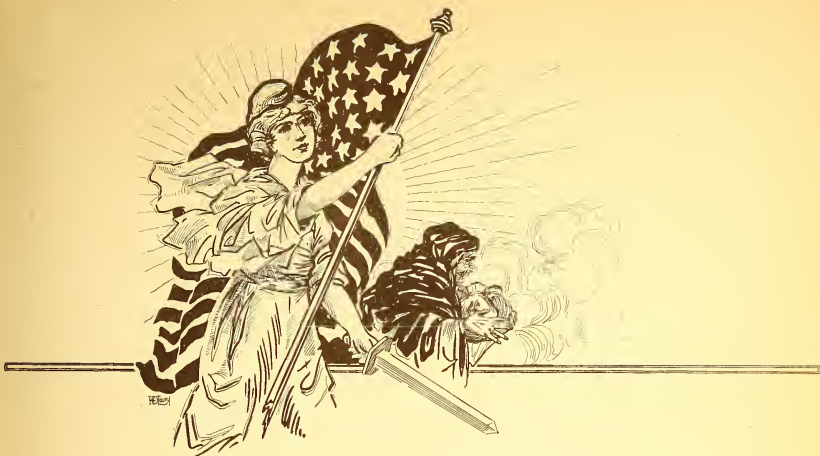
"War" and the three poems that follow it, are from the pen of Lieut. Allen Crafton, 25th Aero Squadron, whose war poetry has been described by literary critics at home as ranking with the best that the war period has produced.

I have no brain; my pen is pushed
By typhoon power of demon will.
I have no hope; I have no heart;
And no desire except to kill.
To kill myself! If I should die
What difference in death's big hell?
Or—oh to make another cry
Death's cry and leave him where he fell!
Oh Christ! The joy to hear his groans
Before he shrinks and turns to bones!

What do I care for all this froth
That people mouthe concerning right
And freedom? I'm a poor, damned moth
That can't resist the hideous light
Of insane war. It's conquered me.
I have no brain; I have no heart;
This trembling shape's a mockery
Refashioned by War's leprous art.
Nothing but cruel hates remain.
Well, what care I if life is vain?

Why in the name of Christ should I
Seek to believe or love or live?
To me the world's a painted lie
Some fiendish god has guts to give
To slaving idiots who build
A hopeless hope with sober face;
And when their bubble souls are filled
He guffaws at the foolish race
And plays a righteous funeral knell
The while he sends their souls to hell.

I have no heart; and no desire
To be a "man" as he is called,
Who tries to struggle from the mire
That holds him fast. The game has palled.
To hell with home! To hell with love!
To hell with peurile memories!
And with the righteous god above
Whose gift is age-long agonies!
I'm subject to my demon's will.
I've no desire except to kill.



On Leaving America for France

Grey-shadowed towers through a milk white haze
Dim into blankness of the laggard dawn.
A jagged foam-lane scoffs my laboring gaze.
The harbor disappears. America is gone!

America. How oft these proud, young eyes
Reflected thee with scorn. An ego creed
Made me, vain-fledgling, wise.
Gigantic daughter of the mongrel breed,
Grown into strong and awkward motherhood
Within the fastness of word-compassed space
I watched with scholarly gaze thy dubious, dabbling
[pace.

I marked a woman cast in peasant mold,
Whose sweat-stained face was hard; whose hand,
[whose heart

Savored of selfish labor for vain gold.
She gleaned with waste her fields and sought the mart
With diamonds in her stringy tress of hair.
Incongruous!
Her shallow tongue was boastful and she must
Recite her market gains to make more gold.
She neither sought nor saw the chastened goal
Of Life wherein the diety is the Soul.

The peasant vanisheth...
What change is this?
Art thou reborn in Earth's grim day of Death,
Or am I raised above the deep abyss
Of Ego's blindness! Lo, thou answereth

My scorn with thy majestic sacrifice!
Silent thou standest, stripped of gain and gold,
Stripped of the sons of thy forgotten breast,
Stripped to the naked soul,—and there remains
A faith so high, a heart so luminous,
A strength so mighty, Hope takes form from thee
And heralds Freedom's immortality.

America, great mother, hear thy boy
Across the widening sea!
Whether the change has come to me or thee
Counts not since thy soul glows without alloy,
And since the darkened glass is cleared for me.
Oh Mother, bring me back unto thy land,
Thy land of valiant heart and singing youth,
Thy land of stars, thy land of brimming mart,
Land destined for the Future's title-part,
Land of the opening door, land of the blood-bought
[truth!

Great sky-flung towers and temples, thou must rise
Again before my now unprisoned eyes;
So that my right to son-ship I may prove,
(This is my prayer) with life-long work of love.

Yet, valiant Mother, if in battled strife
For thy high hope, mad War demands my life,—
Keeping the vision of my Motherland,
Feeling the touch of thy victorious hand
On mine (this my resolve will be),
With happy death I'll prove my right, my love for
[thee.



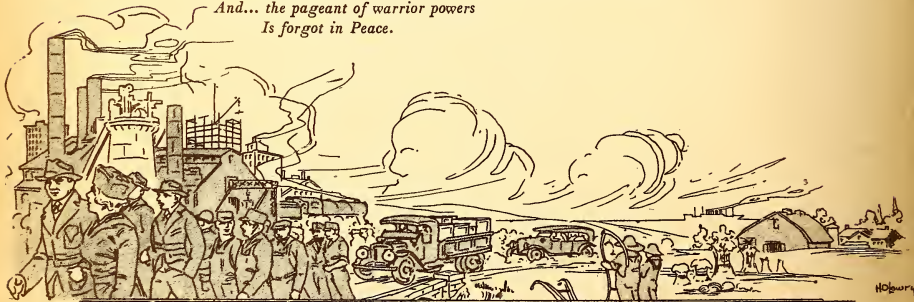
Pageants

I

*Alone in the night, on a blasted tree
 My thoughts beat time to the distant gun
 As it takes its toll ; and my closed eyes see
 (In the far-off day when the war is done)
 A glittering pageant of unleashed mirth ;
 A great, wild pageant that girdles the earth :
 The dark gate opens on ringing days ;
 Love's rich welcome is lost in tears.
 The wide world stages a pageant of Praise
 For us, its warriors. Oh, the cheers,
 The freedom, the glory of victory !...
 We are kings while our pageant passes by.*

II

*Silent the gun ; and now in the dark and the quiet,
 Silent the triumph of victory, silent the riot
 Of passionate cheers, dim-shining through doubt and derision
 Then slowly unrolling, expanding a pageant again wakes my vision.
 Crossing the chasm of time with infinite labor and sorrow,
 Swept by the crimson tide but staunch to pursue with the morrow,
 The patient builders strove on for shadowed ages uprearing
 The pageant of Peace.
 When the pageant appears there arises no volume of glorious cheering ;
 Only the glory of hearths and hand-clasps and unmocked flowers,
 Of glinting fields and furrows ; these are the heart-treasured dowers,
 Of calm, strong Peace.
 And... the pageant of warrior powers
 Is forgot in Peace.*





The Road from Toul to Metz

The great dream road to Metz is opened wide !

*North from the brown
And ancient gateway hazardless I ride.
The sun throws down
A vaporous light upon the countryside
Beyond the town.*

*At first I count the crouching kilo posts
That seem to guard
At even intervals, like stunted ghosts,
The traffic scarred,
Grey highway of a thousand hopeful boasts
To Dieulouard.*

*In Dieulouard the soldiers form a mass
Tumultuous ;
* The army trucks (save ambulances) pass
Through veils of dust ;
The guns, left idle on the benten grass,
Begin to rust.*

*I hasten on. Now Pont-à-Mousson lies
A haggard heap
Of stone roofed caves about me ; past my eyes
Mimned shadows leap ;
The shattered church is helpless to arise
For wounds too deep.*

*I leave the wreck. A patriarchal hill
Serenely sits
Enthroned in color by the blue Moselle.
Its parapets
Screen well the long, grey guns that sleep, but still
Point out to Metz.*

*Our shout is echoed back a thousand fold !
Dream-born romance
Has waked to fierce, glad life which greets the roll
Of our advance.
We thought to find a town ; we find a soul
Whose God is France !*

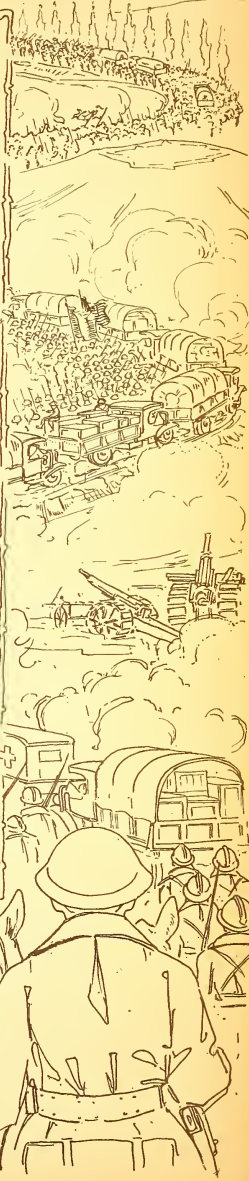
*The frontier mark is passed. From lethargy
Of numbing pain
A peasant populace exultingly
Clasps life again.
Release is radiant in the Calvary
Of quaint Lorraine.*

*Release is radiant in the new-lit eyes
And in the glance
Of mingled fear and hope, in long-lost cries
And children's dance.
For there above a Germann sign post flies
The flag of France !*

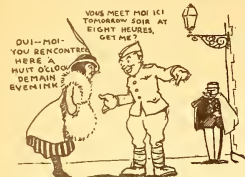
*Napoleon's undying spirit gleams
From battered bust
Set in a window framed in evergreens.
The poor folk must
Publish through this, their mute and only means
Full love and trust.*

*The road grows choked with men in swerving cars,
War garmented,
And cheering victors from both hemispheres.
Their long lines spread
And stop before a wooden arch that bares
A bannered head.*

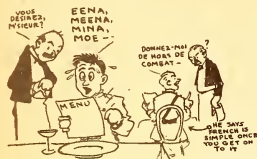
*It is the gate to Metz ! The tangled throng
Lingers a spell *
To read its welcome 'ttered in France's tongue,
Then on pell-mell
We follow through and storm with shout and song
The citadel.*



THE GOLDFISH 'MONGST THE FROGS



THE SPIRIT IS WILLING, THO THE GRAMMAR IS WEAK—



YOUR FIRST DINNER IN PARIS



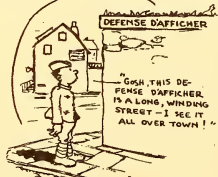
"BETCHA I CAN—THIS IS THE MONTH OF MERCREDI!"
"GOSH, I DIDNT THINK YOU KNEW IT!"



CHEER UP, FELLERS—AFTER A YEAR OR SO IN FRANCE, MAKING FACES AND SWINGING GESTURES TO GET ANYTHING FROM A SHOE LACE TO A ROAD-MAP, WE ALL OUGHT TO LAND GOOD JOBS ON THE SCREEN!



BON-SOIR, MAM'ELLE.
GUTEN ABEND, MEIN HERR.



GUTEN ABEND, FRAULEIN!
BON SOIR, M'IEUR!



{BON SOIR, MAM'ELLE}
{GUTEN ABEND, FRAULEIN}



HELLO THERE, SONNY, WHAT'S THE IDEA?



JOURNAUX - PERIODI'



ND, BUT I CAN UNDERSTAND LOTS OF THE PICTURES, I CAN.



"KIM YE BEST AT REES A DIZEN DIFFERENT FROG DICTIONARIES AND NOT ONE OF 'EM CONTAINS THE CORRESPONDENT WORD IN THE FRENCH LANGUAGE—"

"WHAT WORD IS THAT?"

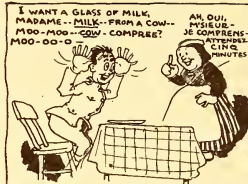
"OON-LA-LA"



HOW COMED YOU HAD OF A YANK ALL YOU?

RELEASED RUSSIAN PRISONER IN SALVAGED O.D.

INTERPRETING PROBLEMS HAVE INCREASED SINCE THE ARMISTICE



VOICI, M'IEUR, VOTRE BIEFTEK.



NON, MON PETIT GARCON, JE REGRETTERAI BEAU COUP QUE JE N'EN AI POINT.

MONSIEUR, OUL' C'EST UN GRADUATE BUCK!

AW, YER FULL OF PRUNES YE POOR FISH!

CONTACT WITH THE A.E.F. HAS ENRICHED YOUNG FRANCES STORE OF KNOWLEDGE



Scene—Any "daring birdman's" quarters.

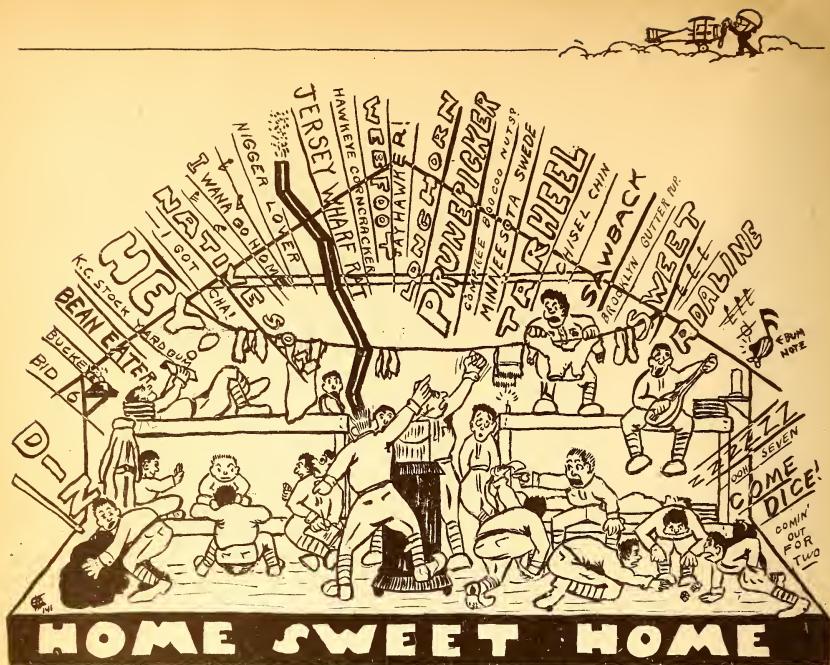
Time—10:55 A. M.

The Post-Bellum Life of a Flying Officer

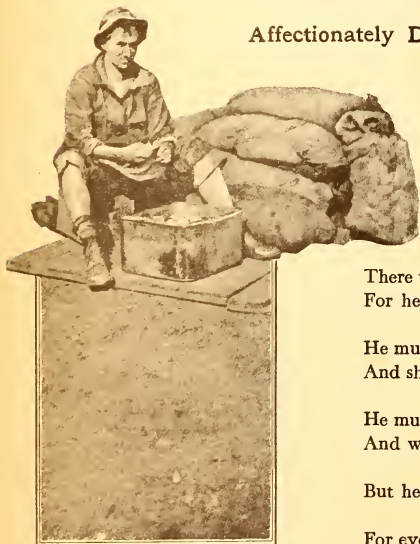
In the morning, I arise
Stretch my limbs and rub my eyes,
Scan my watch to note the time,
See that it is time to dine —
Breakfast over long ago,
That's a meal I scarcely know.
School is held which makes us sore

For it takes an hour or more
From the time each sunny day,
When we fly or "promenez."
Supper's served in nifty form,
"Beaucoup" wine to keep us warm.
Then's it's time we go to play
Gambling games till almost day.





Affectionately Dedicated to 2,000,000 K. P. s.



He works down in the kitchen
 where they deal out all the chow,
 And all the buddies line up
 for their portion of the cow.
 Where you get your khaki coffee
 in your tricky canteen cup,
 And they throw your army beans at you
 and mess your mess kit up.

There works the bashful K. P. and he wears a wistful look,
 For he's a vassal of the sergeant and the slave of every
 [cook,
 He must skin up all the 'taters and mop the kitchen floor,
 And shine up all the pots and pans, three times a day or
 [more.

He must issue out our grub to us as we go by in file,
 And we pass him with a gloomy look and never drop a
 [smile.

But here's looking at you, K. P. Your work we won't
 [forget,
 For every blooming one of us will get that detail yet.



To Cognac : on returning from Overseas



If to be discharged means to be

Away from thee,



Or if when I have gone

Home greets me dry as bone,



Then, solace of my warring days, I crave

A wet, wet death 'neath some Atlantic wave.



If to move homeward means that I

Find Broadway dry,

'Twere better far to be

Back here in France with thee.



Here to find haven for my thirsting soul,

And lose my sorrows in thy flowing bowl.



HEAVENS! I'VE LANDED
IN THE RESTRICTED
DISTRICT !!





The Truth

Most Anywhere in France,
November 12, 1918.

Dear Bill:

Now the war is all over and done,
And we've put the last crimp in the very last Hun,
And there'll soon be an end to corn willy and beans,
And bullets and dugouts, and guns and Marines,
And our pep and morale have all gone to the dogs
While the battles still rage with the Feminine Frogs,
Now that barbed wire and trenches are things of the past
Say—let's tell the truth about flying, at last.

Its great with the cheering and shouting of crowds
For the "Big Hearted, Dare Devil Men of the Clouds",
To go to the station, and climb on the train,
After telling the girls when you'll be back again,
And to think of yourself, when you've got your fifth Hun;
I'll admit, all these thoughts give you plenty of fun.
But—when you get forty miles up in the air,
Believe me, it's sort of a different affair.
When you see, not your fifth, but your very first Hun,
Your One Burning Thought is to turn tail and run.
While you watch every socket, strut, pin, bolt, and wire,
And you think of your guns, and you hope that they'll fire,
By the sing of your wires, and the roar of your prop,
From you to the ground is one hell of a drop.
You think of your nerve, "Beyond all understanding",
You think, "Oh my Gawd, if I have a forced landing!"
Just one thing I enjoy, and it's certainly fine,
And that is to taxi her up to the line.

You can talk to me now, till you're blue in the face.
I've ideas of my own, that no time can erase
Of stunts that give thrills, and of stunts that give none,
Of stunts that you can't do, and stunts that you've done,
Of flying in sunshine, and flying in rain,
(It's not me you're talking to! Never again!)
Of ships that are good, and of ships that are bad,
DeHaviland, Camel, or Bristol, or Spad,
Of the thrill of the spin, or the loop, or the slip
MY thrill is to climb OUT of any old ship.

Yours
Al.



The Man from Leon Springs

*Leon Springs is a training camp for ground officers
and a Kiwi is an Australian bird that cannot fly,*

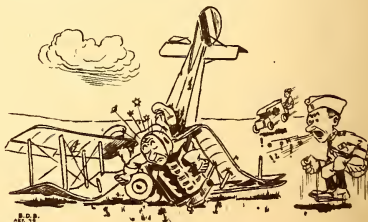
The day is dark and stormy
A Cadet gets in the plane,
He tries to start his engine,
But the engine has a pain.
He kicks his rudder lightly,
As he sees his broken wings.
"What's the matter, are you yellow?"
Says the man from Leon Springs.

The Cadet tunes up his motor
And swings his tail around,
He drops off both his flippers
As he starts to leave the ground.
He quickly stops his motor
As to the ground he swings.
"Cold feet must be your trouble,"
Says the man from Leon Springs.

The Ka-det turns his plane around,
He starts into the air.
He tries to turn his throttle off,
The throttle is not there.
He tries to make some figure eights
And many other things.
"Ye gods! what rotten flying!"
Says the Kiwi from the Springs.

He gets into a nifty spin
And crashes to the ground.
The plane's a wreck—he breaks his neck
And utters not a sound.
They bring our hero campward then;
He's won eternal wings.
"We'll have to take him off the list,"
Says the man from Leon Springs.

"He was a most unruly cuss,
At drill he was an ass
His paper-work was very poor,
He always cut that class.
I tried to teach him how to fly.
With drill and other things.
That's all the gratitude I get,"
Says the man from Leon Springs.





Sunny France

When this cruel war is over
and we've laid aside our hates,
And we've crossed the bounding billows
to the loved United States,
When we sleep in thin pajamas;
not socks, sweaters, shirts, and pants,
I'll think about these billets
that we froze beneath in France.

When I sit all snug and cozy
and it isn't any dream,
When I hear the radiator
hissing merrily with steam,
When the house is warm and cozy,
here's an idea I'll advance,
I'll recall the heating system
that was all in vogue in France.

When I watch the open fireplace
eating up the gassed logs,
I'll recall those sappy sticks I cut
from sodden Argonne logs,
When I hear the fire a-crackling,
I watch it jump and dance,
I'll recall the smoky bonfires,
I froze beside in France.

When I read the evening sport news
and the copper market spurts,
I'll recall the army days when
all we read was undershirts,
When it tells of burglar hunting,
it'll put me in a trance,
For I'll think about the Cootie hunts
we used to have in France.

And when dressing in the morning
from a decent Christian bed,
With teeth that do not chatter till
they loosen in your head,
I'll slip into the shower bath
and think there is a chance,
I'll laugh about those bucket baths,
I used to have in France.

When I'm shaving in the morning
and the running water steams,
I'll think of frozen beards of yore
as of fantastic dreams,
But when I see the shave pot,
there isn't any chance,
That I'll forget those frigid shaves
that racked my face in France.

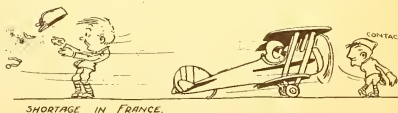
Midnight Wit

I've heard of the Midnight Frolic,
I know of the Midnight toil
Of dancing the Midnight hours away,
And burning the Midnight oil,
But now all these nightly revels
Have passed into History.
It's the Midnight Wit in the Barracks
That steals all the sleep from me.

For Bill talks of Votes for Women
And Jim talks of motor cars,
While Alec smashes his neighbors cot
And borrows his friends cigars.
And Joe talks about his sweetheart
And sighs for the days to be.
It's the Midnight Wit in the Barracks
That steals all the sleep from me.

Then Pete takes a can of water
And sprinkles it over my head,
And I find that my bunkie has boosted the fire
With the slats that were in my bed.
Then someone passes the old time joke
And brings out the repartee.
It's the Midnight Wit in the Barracks
That steals all the sleep from me.

So when I get back into civies
And sleep in a feather bed
In a room that was meant for a white man's home
And not for a cattle shed
I'm afraid that I'll soon be lonely
For the days as they used to be
And I'll have to secure a Victrola
To steal all my sleep from me.





When the Post-Card Fiend Gets Home.

As he imagines
it will be.

And as it
probably will be.



"Government of the M. P.,
by the M. P., and for the M. P."

HISTORIES of the Great War are all lacking in one respect—they fail to pay due homage to that host of hardy heroes, the M P's. It is exceedingly doubtful if the war could have been won without them; in fact, a number of men holding the high rank of A. P. M. have stated without reservation that the M P's won the war.

It is not generally known, but is nevertheless true, that the M P's were the ones who forced the Germans to surrender. Early in

November, 1918, the Kaiser received a confidential report that there were 675,000 American M P's in France. He immediately called up Von Hindenburg and told him, "The jig's up, Hindy. What's the use of breaking through their infantry, when the M P's won't let us get to Paris anyway!"

The importance of the M P cannot be overrated. His job, summed up, is to run the Army, and it is generally admitted by all arms of the service that the M P has been on the job—overtime. There is no activity of the

"JOIN THE AIR-SERVICE AND





U. S. Air Service Going
Into Action.

A. E. F., that he overlooks; there is no rank that is sacred to him; colonels and bucks alike must bow down to that man of blood and iron, the M P sergeant.

Since the signature of the Armistice the M P force has been materially increased in size, the original 675,000 being found inadequate. There is now one M P for each Buck in the A. E. F., with enough left over to keep a day and night watch on all Second Lieutenants, Mess Sergeants, and Field Clerks. The motto of the M P force, "I am my brother's keeper," is carried out so thoroughly that there's never

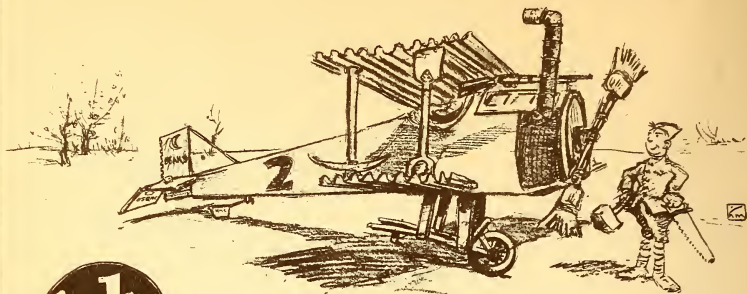
a Yank who lacks the constant watch and guidance of the Big-Hearted Men of the Red Hat Band.

The M P force is now planning to extend its jurisdiction to take in the ocean as well. Hereafter all home-bound transports will carry a full complement of M P's to prevent wayward Yanks from messing up the nice clean ocean, and to eliminate the reprehensible tendency of the doughboy to cheer loudly when sighting the Statue of Liberty.

WORK AT YOUR TRADE--"



WHEN YOU NEED SPARE PARTS



Ask us—we never have 'em!

When that decrepit bus of yours needs spares, don't hesitate to call on Colombey. Our supply of O.D. Bull is always complete and we are always glad to have the ahviators drop in for a little chat; even if we can't give you what you need, we can always tell you :

“HERE'S SOMETHING JUST AS GOOD”

Our supply officers can teach you just how to economize on Spare Parts. Let them show you how to use a pick handle to replace that broken strut. Look over our new wheelbarrow landing gears with the non-stretchable shock absorbers.

Our corrugated iron wings for Spads are guaranteed to keep the rain off and are absolutely safe—on the ground.

Just at present our stock of machine guns is rather low, but we have a very nice assortment of streamlined air rifles and BB shot, which we will issue to all “battleplane” fliers.

We can also furnish your squadron with some brand new Curtis Landing Gears, and some slightly used Caudron J-4 Ailerons, all bearing the personal recommendation of Popular Mechanics, and a One-year Guarantee by the Aero Club of America.

OUR SPECIALTIES
FOR AHVIATORS
Camels (flying and smoking)
Beans
Caudrons
G. I. Cans
Flivvers
I. D. R.
Shovels
Duck boards
Brooms

FIRST AIR DEPOT
“The Dump that Made the Q. M. Famous.”
CLUMSY-LES-BELLES

Dandy Duds For Flying Dubs

Guaranteed Non-Regulation and Extra Splitahs

Tremendous Closing - Out Sale

Due to the imminent return of thousands of and Loots to the Etats-Unis, the well known Maison of Chargem More et Cie., Military Tailors, are forced to close out their choice stocks of Glad Rags for Ahviators.

Don't miss splendid opportunity to let us get one last wallop at your pay check. Grab this chance and waltz home in one of our snappy outfits. Remember, our uniforms are worn by all the round heads of Europe.

Trench Coats

Just Like the Soldiers Wear!

The Hardboiled kind. Wear one of these coats and a few dabs of mud, and you'll look as if you were really in the Army. Take it home and let your folks see and understand the full horrors of war.

Blurberry Blouses

You'll Just Love 'Em, Boys!

Bellows pockets, capacity two quarts each. Split back 16 inches high, with that hoop skirt flare the girls all love, and the chic corset effect at the waist. Wear it and knock 'em dead; make the R. A. F. itself turn green with envy.



Get Next to These Bloomin' Breeches, Men!

Two feet long and three feet wide. That full bloomer effect that gives you plenty of room for two bottles of Coneyack and all the other implements of war. Two knees with every pair. Do not bind or cling. Ask Doc Wood—he wears 'em!

Spearmint Socks

The Flavor Lasts!

Guaranteed not to gum. Will not shrink unless washed. Unsurpassed for shoe shining and cleaning spark plugs. Not less than one pair to a man. Special club prices for club feet. Guaranteed non-holeproof.

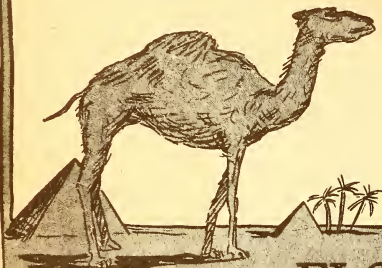
Chargem More et Cie.

Rotten Row, London — Rotten Rue, Toul

FLY A HUMP !



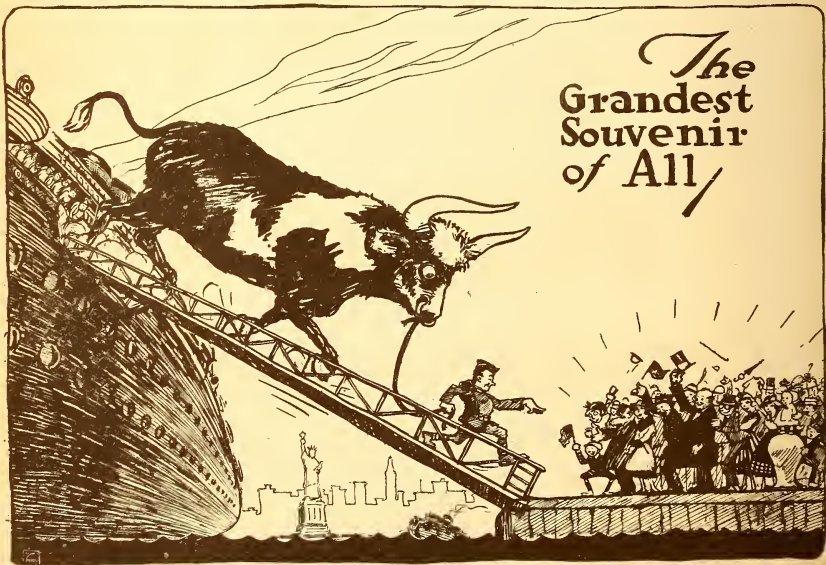
REALLY old bean, y'know you're not quite the proper pilot, not absolutely top hole y'know till you've flown the bally Camel. What? Dont be a silly ass about Spads and all that sort of rotten thing. Have a try at a Camel and see for yourself what ripping fun it is to go knocking about hospitals doing the odd stunting for your bit of fluff, the jolly nurses y'know. Really topping sport. What? Of course I daresay it does knock the patients about a bit, poor blighters, putting the wind up them, relapses and all that sort of thing. But still one must have a bit of fun in a war like this, eh? Then too y'know there's really no buss like the jolly old Camel for a forced landing. Air pressure or some such gadget always going dud and letting you down near a nice chateau for a bit of tea in the afternoon. Really old dear you should have a try at it on your own, y'know. Oh rawther.



THE FLOPWITH CAMEL

The Hospital Hounds' Delight !

The
**Grandest
Souvenir
of All**





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